Vol 9 The War Illustrated Nº 228

SIXPENCE

and AFTERWARDS

MARCH 15, 1946

MLLE. ANDRÉE DE JONGH, young heroine of the Belgian Underground Movement, displayed outstanding gallantry and devotion to the Allied cause by helping many R.A.F. and Allied personnel to escape from enemy-occupied territory. In recognition of this she was awarded the George Medal at an investiture at Buckingham Palace on February 13, 1946. As an additional appreciation she was presented by the Under Secretary of State for Air with a clock from a R.A.F. bomber. See story in page 731.

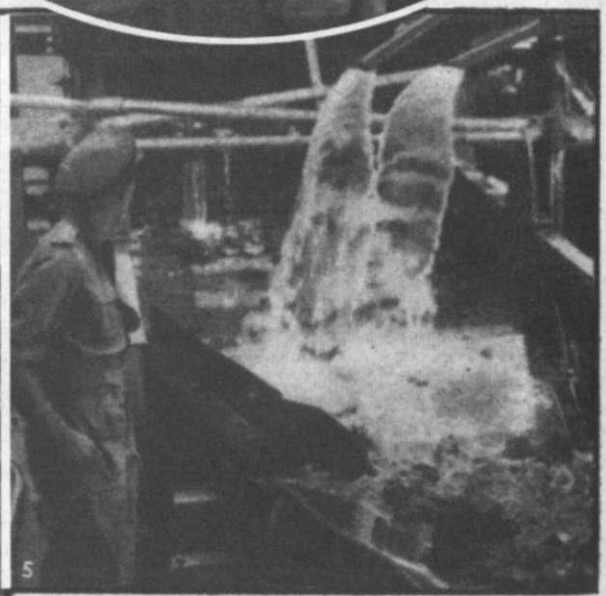
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 229 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, MARCH 29

R.A.S.C. and R.E. Are Busy in Malaya

SMUGGLING and piracy along the Malayan coastline confronted the British after Japan's surrender in August 1945. Illicit traffic in opium and other drugs was unchecked throughout the Japanese occupation of the peninsula. Now Royal Army Service Corps Water Transport Units with Customs and Excise officials patrol the coastal waters; already the Port Swettenham area has been almost cleaned up.

R.A.S.C. vessel trails a suspect junk (1) and draws alongside (2). Suspicions are justified as from the junk's hold a jar of opium is handed up to the officer in charge of the search party (3). By similar illicit means thousands of pounds worth of drugs had entered the country from Java, Sumatra and Siam.



MALAYA'S ONLY COALFIELD, at Batu Arang, starts production again with **Royal Engineers adopting open-cast methods**—the mines being flooded. Coal for railways and factories tipped for washing (4), water freeing it of debris (5).

Australia's Heroic 'Gull Force'

By ROY MACARTNEY

EIGHT hundred Australians garrisoned the island of Amboina, in the Netherlands East Indies, in January 1942 when 20,000 Japanese stormed ashore; less than two hundred remained alive at the Japanese capitulation in September 1945. The full story of the fortitude and suffering of "Gull Force"—revealed only after liberation—is told specially for "The War Illustrated."

During the dark days that opened the Pacific War, when the Japanese rolled south in a mighty flood with all the initial advantages of tactical surprise and painstaking preparation, numerous tiny Allied garrisons isolated in the vast Pacific were perforce abandoned to sacrifice and suffering. It is true courage when a man bravely enters battle and fights to the last, knowing full well his chances of survival are indeed remote. Fine pages of heroism were written by men in circumstances such as these—by the British at Hongkong, by the Americans on Wake Island, and by the Australians on Amboina in the Moluccas.

The bulk of the Australian garrison on Amboina was made up by the 2/21 Battalion which consisted of volunteers who enlisted following the fall of France in June 1940. Other battalions formed at the same time were dispatched to the Middle East where, as members of the famous 9th Australian Division, they stood Rommel at bay outside Tobruk for more than half a year. The 2/21 Battalion, however, was transferred to the 23rd Brigade of the ill-fated 8th Division.

Early in 1941 the bulk of the 8th Division moved to Malaya, but the 23rd Brigade was detached to fill another role. Based on Darwin, it was to secure the airfields along vital lines of communication between Australia and Singapore in the event of war in the Pacific. Split into three Battalion groups, the Brigade was entrusted with the defence of Rabaul (New Britain), Amboina (Molucca Islands) and Koepang (Dutch Timor). A force of Commandos was earmarked to secure the important airfield at Dilli, in Portuguese Timor (see page 714, Vol. 6).

Five Simultaneous Landings

Based on the assumption that the great key base of Singapore would stand, the Brigade's role—which proved impossible for a force of that size—was not so greatly out of proportion at the time of its conception.

Although plans for the defence of these island airfields, so close to the Australian mainland, had been drawn up in conjunction with Dutch military authorities they could not be implemented until the Netherlands became at war with Japan.

When Pearl Harbour (December 7, 1941) at last put an end to their waiting the 2/40 Battalion group moved to Koepang, and the 2/21 to Amboina, where the small Dutch garrisons gladly welcomed their coming. Meanwhile, the force from the 2/2 Independent Company of Commandos took over the airfield at Dilli, in Portuguese Timor, despite Portuguese protests at this alleged violation of her neutrality. By December 17 the move was completed.

KNOWN as "Gull Force," the 2/21 Battalion group found a garrison of about two thousand native troops, led by Dutch officers, awaiting them on Amboina. Although comparatively lightly armed, the Dutch had two six-inch coastal guns defending the fine Ambon harbour. The only artillery the 2/21 Battalion had in support were four two-pounder guns from the 18th Anti-tank Battery.

Communications on Amboina were poor, for the island, shaped like a distorted figure eight, had only a narrow neck of land joining the two major portions, and it boasted few roads. Main communication between the airfield of Laha, north of the Ambon harbour, and Ambon itself on the south, was by boat across its waters. Two companies less a platoon of the 2/21 Battalion were entrusted with the defence of Laha airfield. The remainder of the group manned the approaches to Ambon itself. On the east of the island, the Dutch-led native troops dug in along the coast.

So confident were the Japanese that Singapore would be theirs that they did not wait for its fall before beginning to roll up the thin line of garrisons astride the direct approaches to Australia. On January 23, 1942, they landed 17,000 shock troops, quickly overwhelming the small Australian garrison of 1,400 men holding Rabaul. Next on the list was Amboina.

Three days before the enemy descended in force on January 31, the Amboina garrison knew they were coming. R.A.A.F. Lock-

AMBOINA, where a depleted Allied garrison fought 20,000 Japanese for four days, February 1-4, 1942, and survivors were subjected to torture unsurpassed in the War.

heed Hudsons had sighted an enemy convoy of approximately 40 vessels, including aircraft carriers and troopships, heading in the direction of the island. What units of the squadron remained airworthy carried out raids on the enemy, but on January 30 the squadron was ordered to withdraw to Darwin.

SHORTLY after midnight on January 31 an enemy force of 20,000 men made five simultaneous landings on Amboina, mainly on the east coast. With the dawn, swarms of carrier-based Japanese aircraft held undisputed sway over the island, bombing and strafing at will. Within a few hours the Japanese penetrated the native troops' position west of Paso and drove down upon the Australians holding Laha airfield and Ambon. Communications between the two forces failed, enemy bombing destroying all wireless and cutting the sole telephone line.

For four days the unequal battle raged. In ferocious hand-to-hand fighting in the jungle the two companies north of the harbour denied the enemy the Laha airfield, standing squarely across its eastern approaches. Their old Lewis guns and three-inch mortars broke up every assault. Just as stubbornly, the remainder of the Battalion held the enemy at bay on the south of the harbour. Japanese warships penetrated the harbour on February 3, bringing their guns to bear at point-blank range. Like David confronting Goliath, the four two-pounder guns opened fire to engage the enemy vessels.

Thin platoons were shuffled round in the tall kunai grass in an endeavour to stem every enemy penetration; but with their ammunition spent, their dumps blasted by bombing behind them, the Allied force at last succumbed to the weight of the enemy.

By February 4, Ambon was in enemy hands and the bombardment was directed at the last Australian pocket holding out on Laha airfield. That afternoon, the Japanese swarmed across the airfield—and the battle of Amboina was at its end.

The well-planned Japanese offensive had required the Laha airfield for their next move. A fortnight later, on February 19, squadrons of their medium bombers took off from the airfield to join aircraft from a carrier task force which carried out the first smashing raid on Darwin, completely neutralizing the Australian base. At the same time thousands of enemy troops stormed ashore in Timor to seize Koepang and Dilli.

Back on Amboina, 26 Australian walking-wounded had escaped from a dressing-station at the conclusion of the battle and had taken to the jungle. Wending their way from island to island, mainly by native canoe, they at last landed on the shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria: and the story of the battle of Amboina became known in Australia. But a fog of uncertainty regarding the fate of the survivors cloaked the island for three years. Not one member of the garrison during this period was officially posted as a prisoner of war by the enemy. Then, after the Japanese capitulation, in September 1945, a story of horror became known.

Survivors Too Weak to Stand

Through these long years of incarceration the Japanese tortured, starved and subjected their prisoners to every inhuman bestiality conceivable. In the hell-camp of Tantoei tortures included the stringing-up of Australian prisoners to trees with wire cables tied round their hands, their feet just touching the ground. In this position they were beaten until insensible, revived with water, then beaten again. This went on for days, Japanese placing lighted cigarettes in the prisoners' nostrils and inflicting other devilries until death brought merciful release. Desperate attempts to escape met with ruthless treatment at the hands of the Japanese. Indeed, none managed to escape, and 17 Australians were executed during the long years on Amboina.

Another enemy trick was to place ammunition dumps in and around the prison camp. With the coming of Allied aerial supremacy Amboina was subjected to heavy attacks, and one raid found the ammunition dump, which exploded. Scores of Australian, Dutch and native prisoners, including some women and children, were killed or wounded. The last Australian medical officer in the camp was killed by bomb-blast while tending casualties. Thereafter sickness took terrible toll. Prisoners suffering from tropical ulcers were kicked and beaten about their decaying limbs. Others were forced to open picric acid bombs with hammers, thereby receiving terrible burns.

EARLY in 1945, when Allied forces were becoming victorious on all fronts, the Japanese quickened the tempo of their efforts to work the prisoners to death. Between January and August of that year, 290 Australians died, bringing the total laid to rest in their small cemetery to 428. Thus there were less than 200 fever-stricken survivors of the original 800 Australians on Amboina when the blessed relief of liberation ended their suffering. Rescue ships found most of the gaunt survivors too weak or ill to stand. The last chapter of the Amboina horror was written on Morotai, where an Australian Court Martial sentenced to death by shooting the Japanese Commander and two of his officers staffing the hell-hole of Tantoei. Thirty-two other guards will pay for their inhumanity with terms behind barbed wire ranging from one to twenty years.

This is Monty's New Job

By MAJ.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN K.C.B., D.S.O.

WHEN Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein takes over the appointment of Chief of the Imperial General Staff in June 1946 the demobilization of our wartime army will be practically complete, but it is obvious that does not mean the Army will have assumed its normal peacetime shape. *Ad hoc* expedients are necessary to enable us to deal with immediate post-war commitments, and the Government has announced its short-term plans to meet the existing situation.

Under these plans it is hoped by the end of this year to reduce the numbers of trained men in the three Services to 1,100,000 plus 100,000 under training. In order to fill the places of men becoming due for demobilization or discharge, the call-up of young men under the National Service Act will be continued without prejudice to final decision as regards the adoption of a permanent system of National Service. The length of service required from new entrants will be fixed as soon as possible, but much depends on the rate of intake of voluntary recruits to the regular Services and on progress in the liquidation of post-war commitments.

Nevertheless, it is clearly essential to formulate and set in motion long-term plans for the formation of the Army we shall permanently need. That, subject to Government decisions, is probably the main task that will confront the new C.I.G.S. There can be no question, as happened after the First Great War, of the Army resuming its pre-war shape ; nor, I think, would it be practicable or advisable to aim at producing a miniature copy of our wartime army.

PROBLEM of Finding Men to Fill New Army's Ranks

In some ways the problem of giving us a new-type army is simpler than it was in 1919. Then the new weapons produced in the war had all been designed to meet trench warfare conditions and were unsuitable for mobile operations. They suggested lines on which armaments would develop, but clearly a long period of experiments and redesigning was necessary before weapons of more general utility could be produced. Premature rearmament would have only resulted in costly replacement of obsolescent types. Experiments were initiated and considerable progress was made until financial stringency ended the experiments and made drastic rearmament out of the question. The Government's assurance that no major war could occur without ten years' warning, and disarmament policy (including proposals that weapons should be limited to defensive purposes), did little to encourage invention and relegated the Army to police functions.

We have now learnt our lesson and the War has carried experiments to completion. The majority of weapons seem now to have approached final shape, although rockets, controlled projectiles and air transport may lead to further developments. Field-Marshal Montgomery should therefore encounter few difficulties in providing his new army with suitable weapons. Moreover, there seems no reason why wartime armaments not required for the normal peacetime army should not, for a considerable period at least, be stored in reserve to meet the needs of possible expansion instead of being scrapped.

The problem of finding men to fill the ranks of the new army will this time be much more difficult than that of armaments. Presumably the C.I.G.S. will remain responsible for advising as to the strength of the army we need for our own special commitments, and the military staff of U.N.O. may make supplementary demands. That we are bound to have a professional regular army voluntarily enlisted is universally admitted, but will improved conditions of pay and terms of service produce the number of recruits it will require ? Improvement of conditions is long overdue, both in justice to the men and for the credit of the State as an employer ; but unavoidably long periods of foreign service and the fact that the Army cannot offer a life-long occupation, are probably the factors that limit the intake of recruits rather than the scale of pay.

Field-Marshal Viscount MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, of Hindhead in the County of Surrey, G.C.B., D.S.O.
From a portrait by James Gunn, by permission of the artist

Enlistment for short service at home (including some European stations) may attract additional recruits, but it tends to reduce the numbers willing to accept the longer engagement required to maintain a foreign service force. Although the Government has not yet decided to continue compulsory service indefinitely, if voluntary enlistment does not produce necessary numbers, it is to be hoped that some compulsory training will be adopted to facilitate the rapid expansion of the Army in times of crisis.

IN addition to recruiting problems it is certain that during Field-Marshal Montgomery's term of office the strength of foreign service garrisons and the location of our strategic reserves will be under constant review. Development in India may produce a new situation, and our War experience alone clearly indicates the necessity of reconsidering our other commitments. The War at least has made it clear that air forces cannot replace land forces as at one time it was argued might be possible ; but, on the other hand, the new spirit of co-operation that exists between the R.A.F. and the Army may materially affect the latter.

Under our existing system the C.I.G.S. is responsible jointly with the heads of the other Services for reviewing, and advising the Government on, our military policy and commitments in the widest sense. Whether that system will be maintained or changed, as some have advocated, by the appointment of an overall Chief of the Staff we do not yet know. But whatever system is adopted we can, I think, rely on the disappearance of the inter-Service rivalries and conflicting claims which regrettably existed in the inter-war period. Certainly there has been no stronger advocate of the necessity of intimate co-operation between the Army and R.A.F. and of overpowering air strength than Field-Marshal Montgomery ; he has also had exceptional experience of co-operation with the Royal Navy, and has paid tribute to the importance of sea communications in whatever enterprise the Army undertakes.

There will therefore be no lack of problems beyond those that affect our peacetime army to which Field-Marshal Montgomery will be able to apply his brains, great experience and energy. Surely he will have a say in formulating plans for the expansion of the Army in case of war, and I can hardly think that he would be content with an indefinite ruling such as the Government gave after the First Great War that the Territorial Army would in future provide the sole basis of expansion. A ruling which certainly left many Territorial officers uncertain as to the role of the T.A.

DOMINIONS' Contribution to the New Defence Set-up

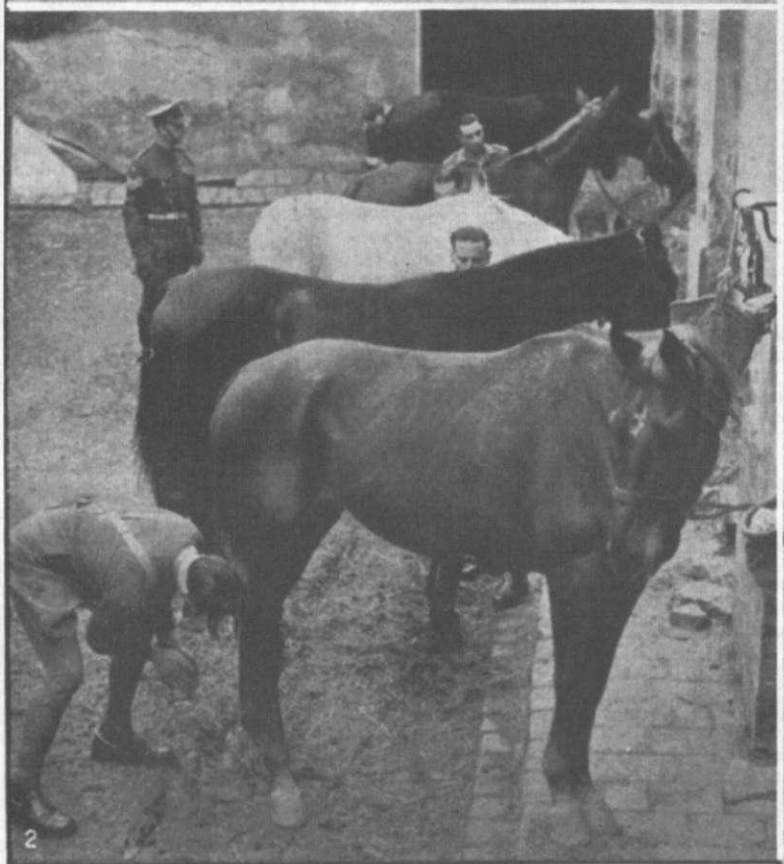
Again, although the Dominions have free choice as to whether they would take part in a war or not, it is clearly desirable that the closest touch should be maintained with their military staffs ; and the fact that Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and South African troops have all fought under his command ensures that Field-Marshal Montgomery appreciates the great contribution the Dominions can make to the new set-up of Commonwealth defence.

There is, in fact, little that the experience of the new C.I.G.S. does not cover, either in command or as a Staff officer. In addition to his War service he has served in India and Palestine, has been on the staff of a Territorial Division, a student at the Imperial Defence College, and been on the Staff of both the Camberley and Quetta Staff Colleges. It is curious, however, that he has never held an appointment inside the walls of the War Office. Will he find that a handicap ? For War Office procedure and the workings of financial control take some learning and may prove irksome. Yet it may be that a fresh mind will be more valuable than experience. The War Office has always been accused of being a slave to precedent ; and with so many new departures to be made, search for precedent might well interfere with the working of clear commonsense thought.

It is certain that the nation will expect much from Field-Marshal Montgomery, for it has realized the importance of the Army to its very existence. He will command its good wishes and confidence, but it must be clearly realized that he cannot make bricks without straw. Parsimony in defence expenditure has surely been finally proved to be the worst form of economy.

German Mounts for British M.P.s in Austria

1



2

3

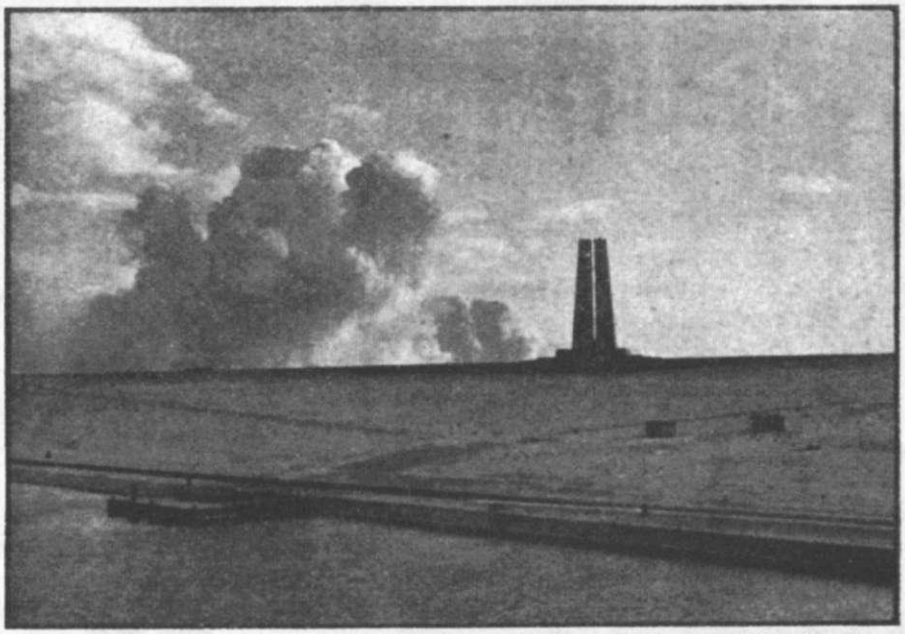
OUR MOUNTED MILITARY POLICE in Vienna use horses formerly belonging to the German S.S. (Black Guards : see page 121, Vol. I). These animals were found, in a starved condition, near Klagenfurt. A detachment in one of Vienna's main streets (1), and grooming mounts in their stables (2). One of our men with his Austrian "opposite number" at Graz (3). PAGE 709 *Photos, G.P.U., New York Times Photos*

How We Beat the German Bid to Block Suez

By
FRANCIS E. McMURTRIE

At the beginning of May 1941 the situation in the Eastern Mediterranean was decidedly critical. Fighting hard until it reached the beaches from which it was evacuated by the Navy, a British army of 50,000 had been withdrawn from Greece and landed in Crete. This was not accomplished without losses. Lacking adequate air cover, the crowded transports and their escorts suffered severely from the attacks of the Luftwaffe, and a number of the British and Greek destroyers which had taken a prominent part in the evacuation of troops were sunk.

It was evident that an attack upon Crete would be the next item in the enemy programme. It was most likely to take the form of a combined sea and airborne landing, which would be difficult to repel with the limited naval resources available, in the absence of anything approaching a strong air defence. Reinforcements and munitions would have to travel by the long route around the Cape, up the East Coast of Africa and through the Red Sea to Egypt. For their rapid transport to the scene of action, free passage through the Suez Canal was, obviously, indispensable.



SENTINELS OF SUEZ are the twin towers of the 1914–18 Anzac War memorial at Ismailia, Egypt, erected to commemorate the defence of Suez by Empire troops in the First Great War. In the Second Great War the German plan to block the Canal by the use of mines dropped from the air is revealed in this page. *Photo, Topical*

THESE facts were quite well known to the Germans, who were using their utmost exertions to mass troops and aircraft for the assault upon Crete. Though it was hoped to effect a successful landing by sea, it was quite appreciated that this could not be guaranteed against naval opposition ; and in the event, seaborne invasion proved a costly failure. (See story by Commander Anthony Kimmins in page 739, Vol. 4). Instead, the enemy had ultimately to fall back on the more expensive method of an airborne descent by specially trained troops.

In these circumstances, anything which would interfere with the smooth transmission of men and materials through the Suez Canal would naturally be of the greatest assistance to the Germans. It might also have the further advantage of reducing the concentration of British naval force off Crete. To block the Canal would unquestionably simplify the problem of conquering the island. To accomplish this purpose it was decided to make use of a fresh type of mine which had recently been perfected and was being turned out in large numbers.

More than two months before, reports had been received in this country of a new design of enemy mine of the magnetic type, which could not be swept by existing methods. As far as could be gathered from captured documents and other information reaching the Naval Intelligence Division, this mine would be dropped from aircraft without the usual parachute and would resemble a bomb in appearance. Further inquiries were prosecuted without delay, eliciting the fact that the weight of the new mine was 1,000 kilogrammes, or about a ton. Goering was so pleased with this new weapon that he had been heard to boast that it would soon finish off the Royal Navy.

To the Investigation Section of the Torpedoes and Mining Department at the Admiralty these reports conveyed a good deal. It was naturally assumed that any specimens of the new mine that might happen to drop on land instead of in the water would be set to explode on impact ; and that if any failed to do so, "booby traps" would have been provided in order to defeat attempts by our experts to render the mine harmless before dissecting it for investigation.

SPECIMEN of the New Weapon Found and With Great Caution Examined

No specimen of the mine had been definitely identified up to the end of April 1941, when a series of heavy air raids on the Clyde and Mersey districts began. Commander F. Ashe Lincoln, R.N.V.R. (see illus. page 486), of the Torpedoes and Mining Department, had been assigned the duty of seeking for an intact mine, and proceeded with a group of specialist officers to make a thorough search in both areas. On May 6 he was successful in discovering one in the hills overlooking Dumbarton. It was at first reported by the Army as an unexploded bomb, but closer examination pointed to its being actually one of the new mines.

Another of these missiles had exploded about a quarter of a mile away, and in the crater were found a number of particles of explosive which had not detonated, together with some pieces of the mechanism. This explosive was one known as hexanite, which as a rule was never used by the Germans in bombs but only in mines ; this alone seemed to suggest that it must be a specimen of the new weapon. One of the dangerous features of hexanite is that it is ticklish stuff to handle. Contact with the bare flesh almost invariably produces a form of dermatitis. Unconsciously, Commander Lincoln exposed himself to this risk by picking up particles in his fingers to scrutinize them ; but fortunately prompt medical attention was at hand and saved him from serious consequences.

TOGETHER with one of his assistants (now Lieutenant-Commander H. F. Wadsley, G.M., D.S.C., R.N.V.R., of H.M.S. Vernon), Commander Lincoln next morning proceeded to examine the unexploded mine. To begin with, a booby trap was looked for beneath the fuse, but when the latter had been extracted there was nothing to be found under it. Not long previously a number of officers of the Vernon had lost their lives through a device of this kind behind the rear door of a mine. Bearing this in mind, the investigators took care that the rear door was eased open very gently until a finger could be inserted. Nothing at all suspicious being encountered, a torch was shone into the interior, but still there appeared to be no sign of any booby trap.

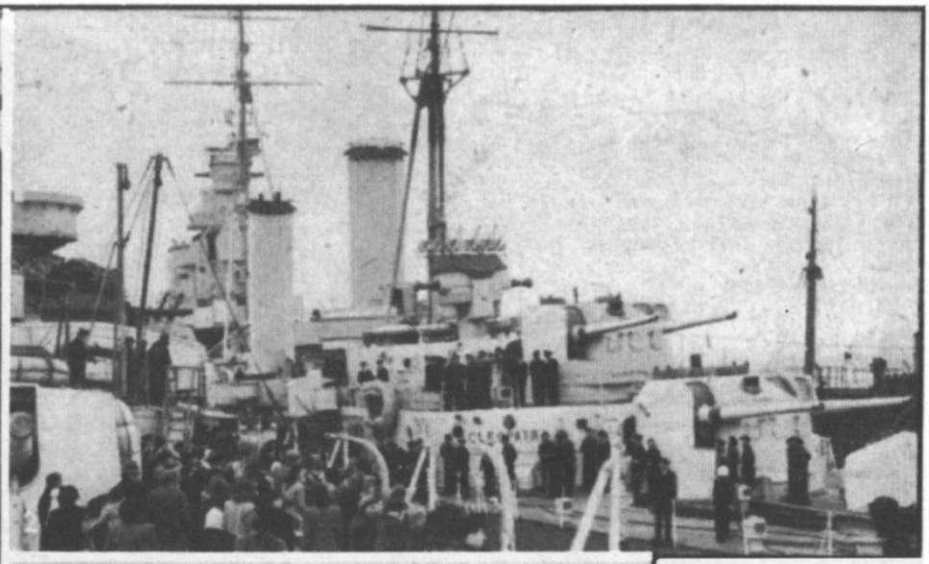
LUFTWAFFE Raid in Force Rendered Ineffective by Prompt Sweeping

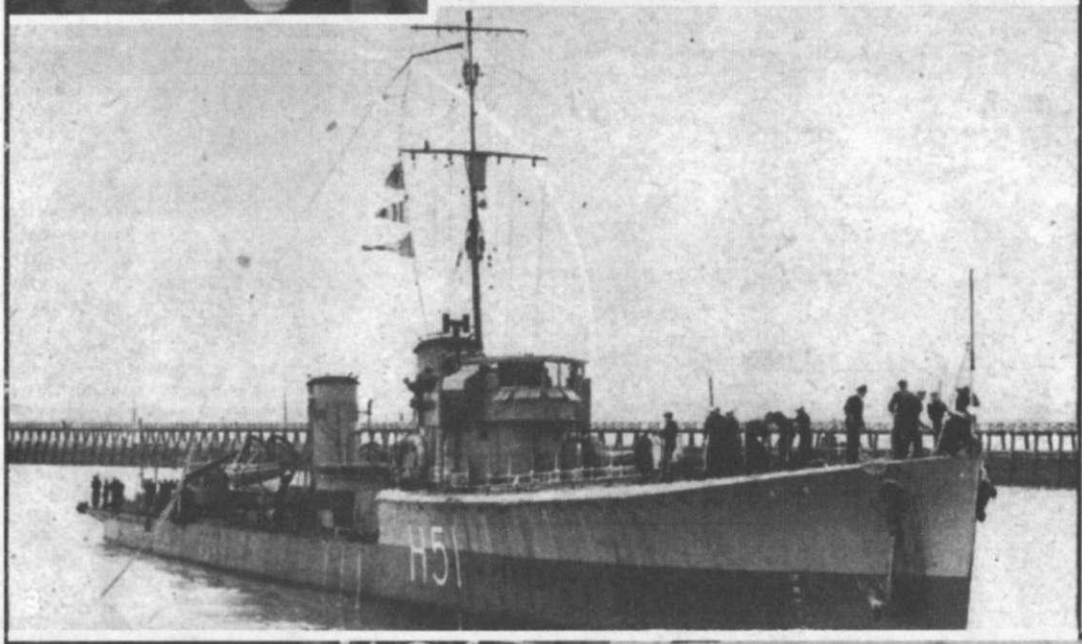
It was at this stage that the investigators were in the greatest danger. Quite unknown to anyone outside Germany, the enemy had devised a new type of booby trap which should have operated at this juncture. It took the form of a photo-electric cell, so designed as to blow up the mine immediately either daylight or an artificial light was introduced into the interior. Providentially, it failed to work owing to a small length of wire, connecting the booby trap with the detonator, having been broken by the shock of the fall. Thus the lives of two officers were saved, and the mine was by degrees rendered harmless.

It was then dispatched by the quickest route to the Vernon torpedo school, to be dissected by the scientists attached to the department of the Superintendent of Mine Design. Working all night, these experts were able to analyse the intricacies of the mechanism and find out exactly how everything worked. After this it did not take many hours to arrange an effective method of sweeping the new mine. As there was no means of knowing where the mine would next be encountered, or in what numbers it might be found, this important information was at once disseminated in every area of naval operations.

NOR was it any too soon, for within twenty-four hours the Luftwaffe made a raid in force on the area between Port Said and Suez, and dropped a large number of the new mines into the Canal itself. Great destruction might well have been caused ; and, at the very least, traffic would have been held up for an indefinite period but for the work that had been done by naval officers and scientists during the preceding few days. As it was, the whole of the minefield was swept up in the course of the following day, though the Germans were not to know it. Had it not been for this, it is improbable that Crete would have been able to hold out for so long as it did ; and British losses in its defence would doubtless have been heavier, to say nothing of the all-precious element of time, so vital in war.

Men in Navy Blue Home from Far Eastern Service

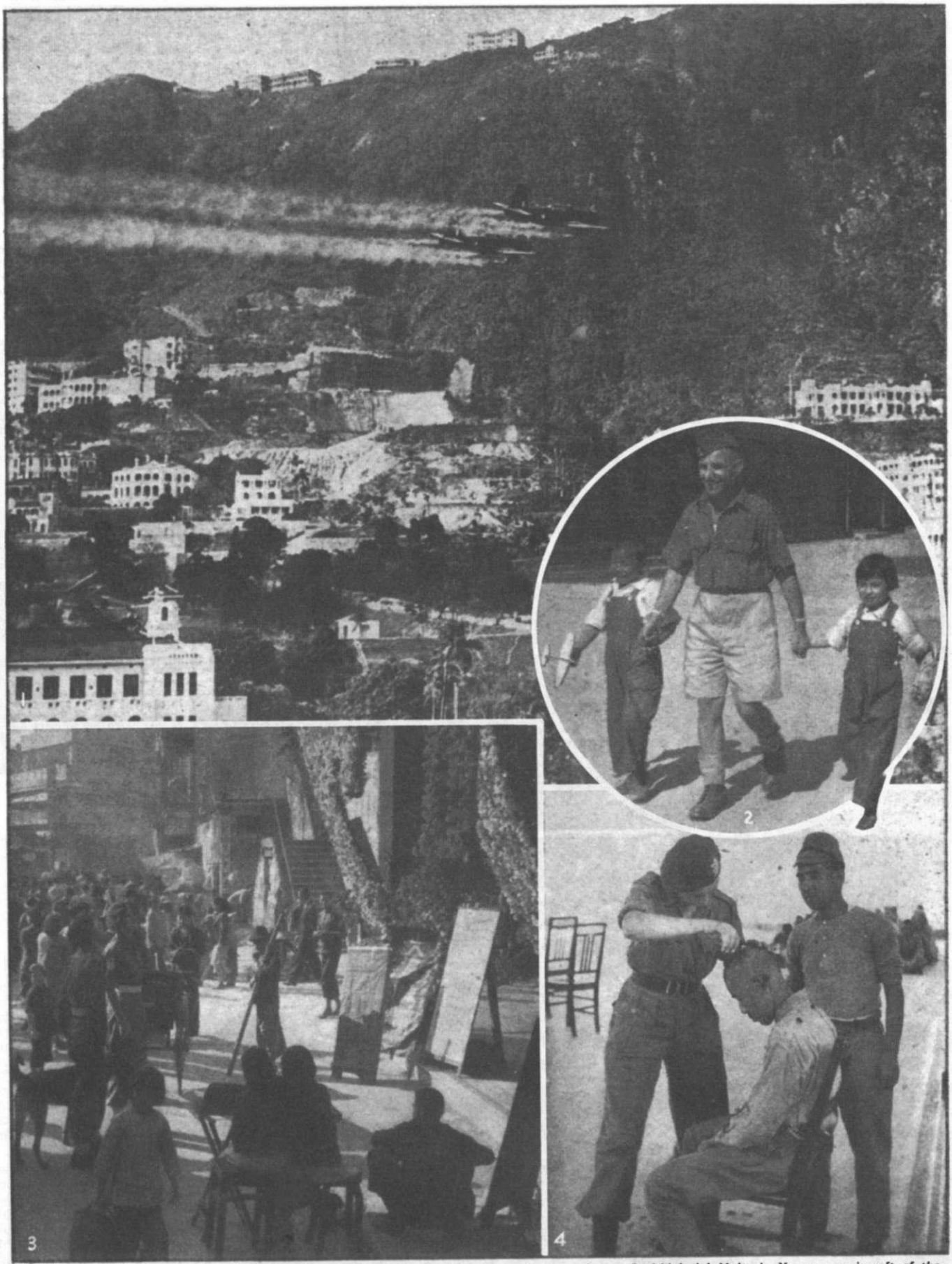




BROAD SMILES are the order of the day when ships of the Royal Navy reach British ports from Far Eastern waters. Some of the ship's company of H.M.S. Kempenfelt (1) when she docked at Chatham wore Jap flying suits and steel helmets. The Kempenfelt formed part of the Fleet which was at Hongkong for the surrender of the Jap forces there. As the cruiser H.M.S. Cleopatra docked at Portsmouth (2) relatives and friends lined the deck of another ship to welcome her.

The Royal Navy's oldest destroyer, H.M.S. Scout (3) completed her last voyage when she arrived at Swansea after being in commissioned service for nearly 28 years, the last seven continuously in the Far East. Her Commander (Lt. D. M. Edwards), is seen with his officers and ratings (4) before bidding a last farewell to the ship, whose fate has not been yet determined. She may be converted into a training ship for Sea Scouts. *Photos, Keystone, G.P.U., P.A.-Reuter*

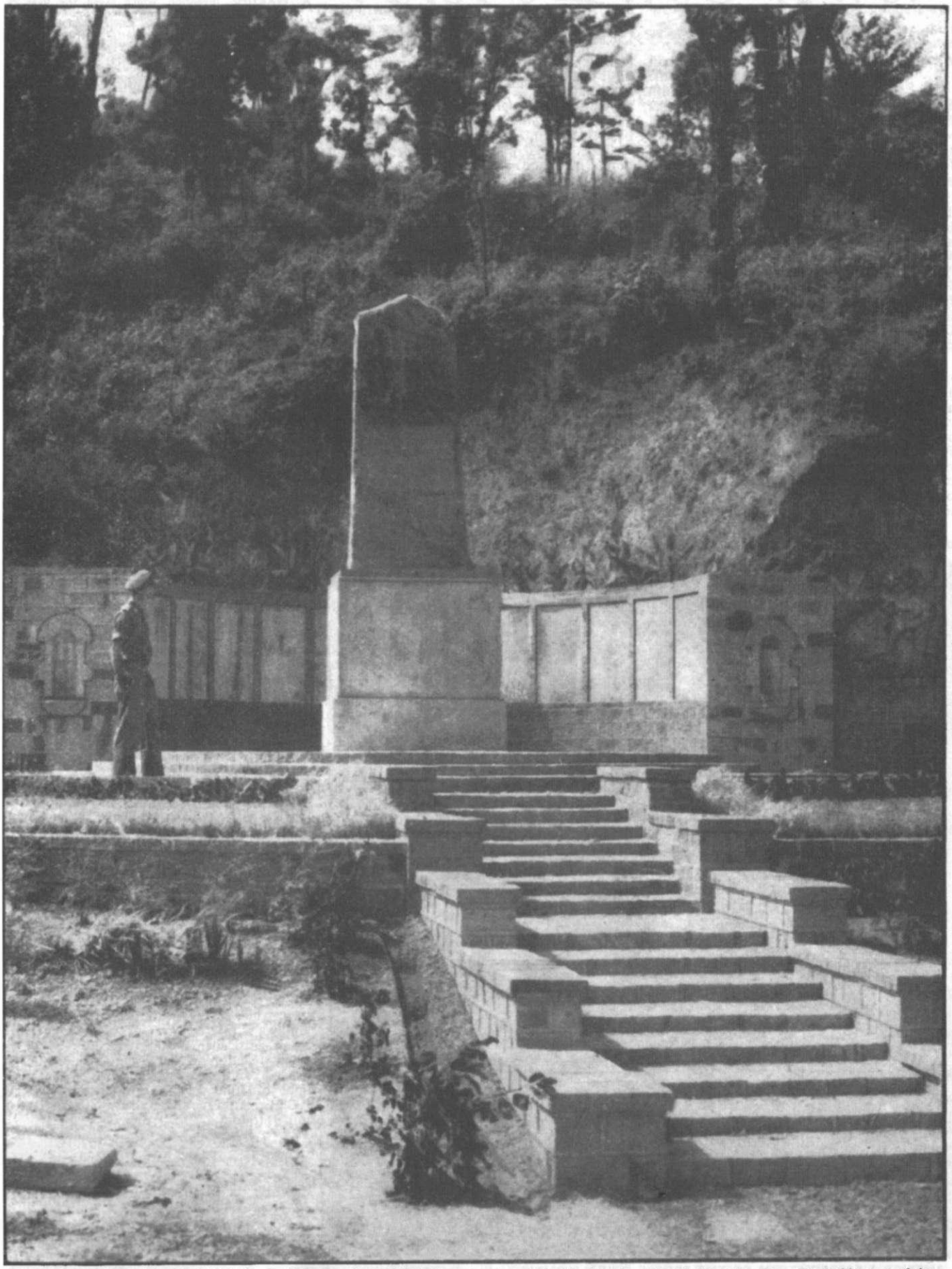
British First-Aid to Recovery in Hongkong



REHABILITATION HAS BEEN HINDERED by epidemics, the homeless and the orphans. Anti-Malarial Units in Vengeance aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm spray infected areas (1) with D.D.T. Waifs and strays are housed in the King's Park Orphanage, under the care of a R.A.F. Airfield Construction Unit; two of the youngsters out for a walk (2). A gaily-decorated theatre is admired by our men (3). Japanese accused of atrocities are housed in Stanley Gaol, where the British barber demonstrates just how close the hair must be cut (4).

Photos, British Official

For Your Tomorrow They Gave Their Today



KOHIMA MEMORIAL stands high above the scene of one of the fiercest and most decisive battles of the Burma campaign. Erected by men of the 2nd British Division, it is a tribute to comrades who made the supreme sacrifice in the battle of Kohima and the Imphal Road, April–May 1944. Bearing the inscription "When you go home tell them of us, and say—For your tomorrow they gave their today," it was unveiled by General Sir William Slim, then Commander of the 14th Army. See also illus. page 521.

Photo, Indian Official

Now It Can Be Told!

FALMOUTH WAS U.S. NAVY INVASION BASE

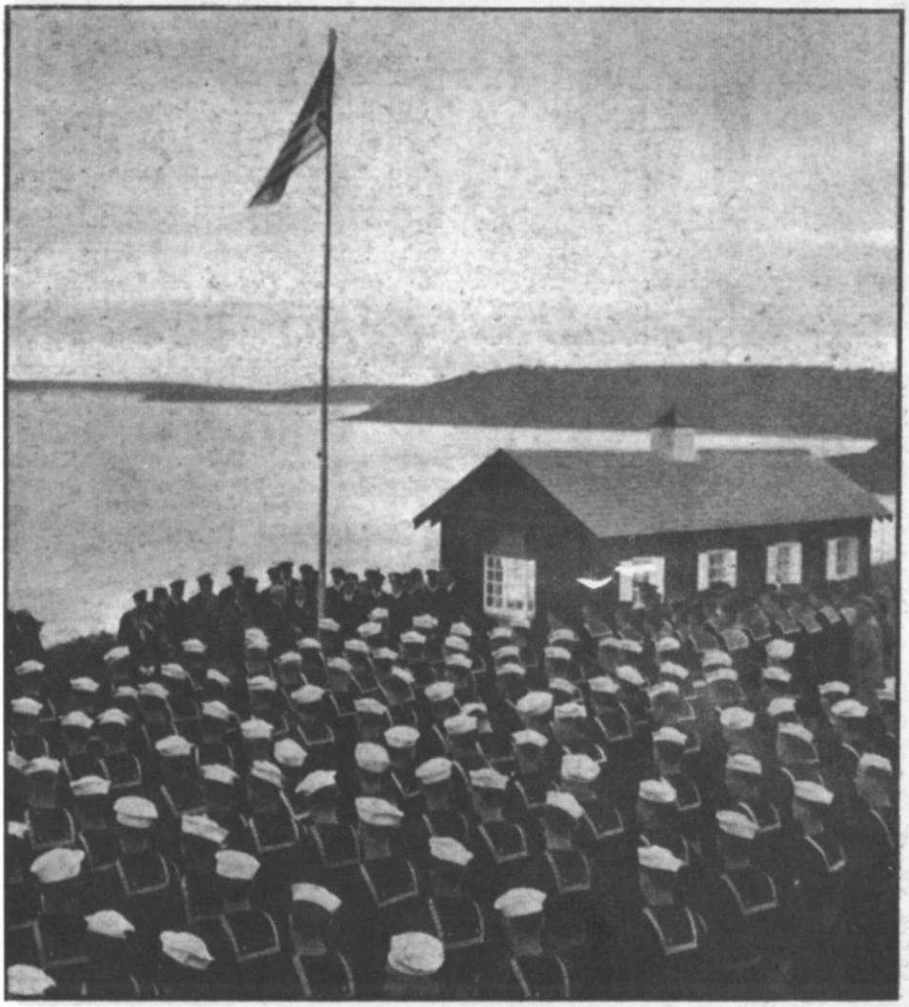
TRAINING accommodation for more than 170 officers and 2,600 men of the United States Navy made Falmouth Sub-Command an important base for the D-Day assault. Loaded with personnel, vehicles and equipment, 38 L.S.T.s sailed to join the D-Day armada, and an average of four M.T. ships a day ferried vital transport and supplies in the invasion build-up.

Falmouth was commissioned on Sept. 3, 1939, as H.M.S. Forte. The Imperial Hotel became H.M.S. Forte II. In December 1939 a Contraband Control Base was opened. Defence Booms were laid in the harbour, St. Mawes Bay, Falmouth Bay and the Helford River, the last being removed in May 1945. First test of Falmouth's improvisation came late one night in May 1940, when ships of the Royal Netherlands Navy arrived after escaping from Holland.

Hundreds of troops passed through Falmouth on their way to France in early June 1940. After Dunkirk, thousands of troops and refugees, brought over in 243 ships, were cared for by W.R.N.S. and W.V.S. personnel and housed in cinemas and the Princess Pavilion. June also brought the first air raids against the Dockyard. In eight raids during the month one ship was sunk, two set on fire, and considerable damage was done to the Northern Arm of the Dockyard.

An Auxiliary Patrol was formed, consisting of yachts, trawlers, drifters and motor boats, guarding the harbour and the boom entrance until finally paid off in June 1945. Observation minefields, a balloon barrage and anti-submarine fixed defences also protected the harbour, and in May 1941 a Coastal Force base was set up at Coastlines Wharf. After D-Day, Coastal Force activity at Falmouth diminished, and in October 1944 the base closed down. Air raids and harbour mining activity caused several casualties during 1941.

The King and Queen visited Falmouth in May 1942, when it was decided that the port should be used as a Combined Operations Base. In July the following year it was decided that the United States Navy should take over the organization. The first U.S. contingent arrived at St. Mawes on August 18, 1943, establishing a U.S.N. Advanced Amphibious Training Sub Base in requisitioned buildings; mooring buoys were laid and five loading hards built before D-Day. The base closed in 1944.



AMERICAN APPRECIATION OF THE PEOPLE OF FALMOUTH took practical form in the presentation of a memorial shelter built by U.S. Navy men with materials paid for by their officers. Here the shelter is being formally handed over to the town after the raising of the Stars and Stripes by the Mayor of Falmouth. *Photo, U.S. Navy*

'JELLYFISH' SAVED THE LIVES OF MANY ALLIED SEAMEN

A WARTIME invention which saved the lives of Allied seamen by enabling convoys to be navigated with razor-edge accuracy in darkness and adverse weather, "Jellyfish" was recently described in The Evening Standard.

The device, which was made by a British electrical firm, consisted of a radar buoy which actuated its own machinery, sent out secret navigational signals, and blew itself up when its job was done.

The buoy consisted of a cylindrical tank containing receiving and transmitting radar equipment and a telescopic aerial. It was sunk, and when it reached a pre-determined depth an anchor chain paid out a mooring weight and the buoy rose horizontally to the surface. The telescopic aerial extended itself, radar equipment was connected and began to work, and the buoy prepared for its own destruction by explosives.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE NORMANDY D-DAY

WHEN the Allied invasion fleet crossed to Normandy on the night of June 5/6, 1944, it did not meet a single attack by the Luftwaffe or by enemy E- or U-boats. When our parachute troops were dropped a few hours before the assault they landed with negligible casualties, though we had expected a 25 per cent loss. After our initial landings the enemy held back his main reserves for 18 to 48 hours, and enabled us to secure a firm foothold.

These were the chief results of the greatest hoax in military history—a hoax carried out almost entirely by 105 aircraft of the Royal Air Force, by 34 small ships of the Royal Navy, and by R.C.M. (Radio Counter Measures—see full story in page 685). In the planning of Operation "Overlord" (the code word for the Normandy invasion) it was considered essential that the enemy should be made to believe that the assault would come not on the Normandy beaches but farther north in the Pas de Calais between Cap d'Antifer and Boulogne.

This was the task of R.C.M. The responsibility for carrying it out rested with Bomber Command. But long before the operational planning could be commenced, much preliminary technical work had been carried out by the Telecommunications Research Establishment. For two months before D-Day, and for the month following our landings, Bomber Command played a leading part in the hammering of German coast defences and the "softening-up" process round the French coast. The German night fighter force, based in north-west France, invariably reacted strongly to these attacks by our bombers.

Well-Rehearsed Deception

The great chain of enemy radar stations round the French coast were always equally alert. In the conviction that our technical devices were so highly developed that we could confuse the enemy into mistaking a carefully-planned feint for the real thing, R.C.M. was ready with a complicated and well-rehearsed scheme of deception.

THE scheme was in five parts, each with a separate aim but linked in one general plan. The five parts went under the code names Taxable, Glimmer, Mandrel, A.B.C. Patrol, and Titanic. Their aims were (1) to simulate diversionary attacks by air and sea away from the real assault area; (2) to provide cover for the genuine airborne landings; (3) to throw the German radar system into such a state of confusion that enemy reaction to our intentions would be delayed and greatly minimized. On the night of June 5/6 the five parts of the R.C.M. plan went simultaneously into operation, as follows:

In "Taxable," eighteen small ships of the Royal Navy steamed towards Cap d'Antifer at a speed of seven knots to suggest a landing on that part of the French coast. As enemy radar could quickly sum up the size of this force and dismiss it as not being a serious threat, one of the R.A.F.'s most experienced squadrons, No. 617—led by Group Capt. G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.—flew in support. Every minute of the 3½ hours of the operation, the aircraft of this squadron dropped twelve bundles of

"Window"—the thin metallized strips which produce false echoes on the enemy radar screens and so confuse their plotting.

Flying in box formation over an area 12 miles wide and eight miles deep, the aircraft had to fly in a continuous orbit gradually nearing the French coast, to give the impression of a large convoy heading slowly towards it. The effect was heightened by the Navy ships towing balloons which would reproduce a "big ship" type of echo on the enemy radar screens, and also by our aircraft jamming the German radar to prevent recognition of the "Window" deception.

Exactly the same deception was practised in a direction heading for Boulogne. In this case ("Glimmer") 16 ships were covered and "magnified" by 218 Squadron. In two areas in the Channel—due south of Littlehampton and due south of Portland Bill—twenty aircraft of 199 Squadron ("Mandrel") maintained a jamming barrage which covered the enemy's coastal radar frequencies, reduced his warning system, and screened our own aircraft.

THEY flew at 18,000 feet at a constant distance of 50 miles from the enemy coast and with positional error of never more than five miles from ten fixed points in the Channel, and jammed the Hun radar for hours on end. In this task they were joined by four Fortresses of No. 803 Squadron of the U.S. Army Air Corps.

In the area between Taxable and Glimmer, 29 Lancasters flew for 4½ hours in "A.B.C. Patrol" to lure the enemy night fighters away from the actual landing areas. They, too, added to the confusion on the German radar by providing between them 82 jamming transmitters. A secondary reason for this patrol was the hope (speedily fulfilled) that the Germans would mistake it as top cover for the "invasion" simulated by Glimmer.

While all this was going on, dummy airborne invasions ("Titanic") were carried out at two points—one slightly east of Fécamp, the other halfway down the Cherbourg Peninsula. Dummy parachute troops were dropped at both points; in addition, enough of the invaluable strips of "Window" were dropped to give the harassed enemy radar operators the impression that this airborne invasion was twenty times larger than it was.

The actual invasion forces sailed on their appointed course without any interference by air or sea. Through R.C.M., the enemy appreciation of the main direction of our attack was completely wrong. In R.C.M. operations on the night before D-Day only three of the 105 aircraft taking part were lost.

SECRET 'WAR EFFORT' CHARTS ARE REVEALED

A SERIES of hitherto unpublished charts which were studied daily through nearly six years of war by the Chiefs of Staff Committee were published officially a few weeks ago. Commenting on the series, The Daily Telegraph pointed out that nearly 40 charts give many new figures illustrating Britain's successes and sacrifices on land, at sea and in the air.

One shows that of 9,000 flying bombs launched between June 13, 1944, and March 30, 1945, fewer than 6,000 crossed the coast. There were 2,500 "incidents" inside the London area and 3,500 outside. Anti-aircraft fire shot down slightly over 2,000 flying bombs to beat the total accounted for by fighter aircraft. Worst weeks for long-range rockets were those ending November 30, 1944, when 40 killed 255, and March 8, 1945, when nearly 70 killed 250 people. The greatest number of rockets fell in the week ending February 15, when the death-roll was 212.

The total of men under arms rose from under 500,000 in mid-1939 to over 4,500,000 in 1944. This growth was largely at the expense of the building, textile, clothing and distributive trades, in which the number of workers shrank from 6,000,000 to 3,000,000.

A graph resembling a skyscraper shows that the production in fighter aircraft, which in September 1939 was less than 100 a month, had at the beginning of the Battle of Britain risen to 450. In 1944 the average was 900.

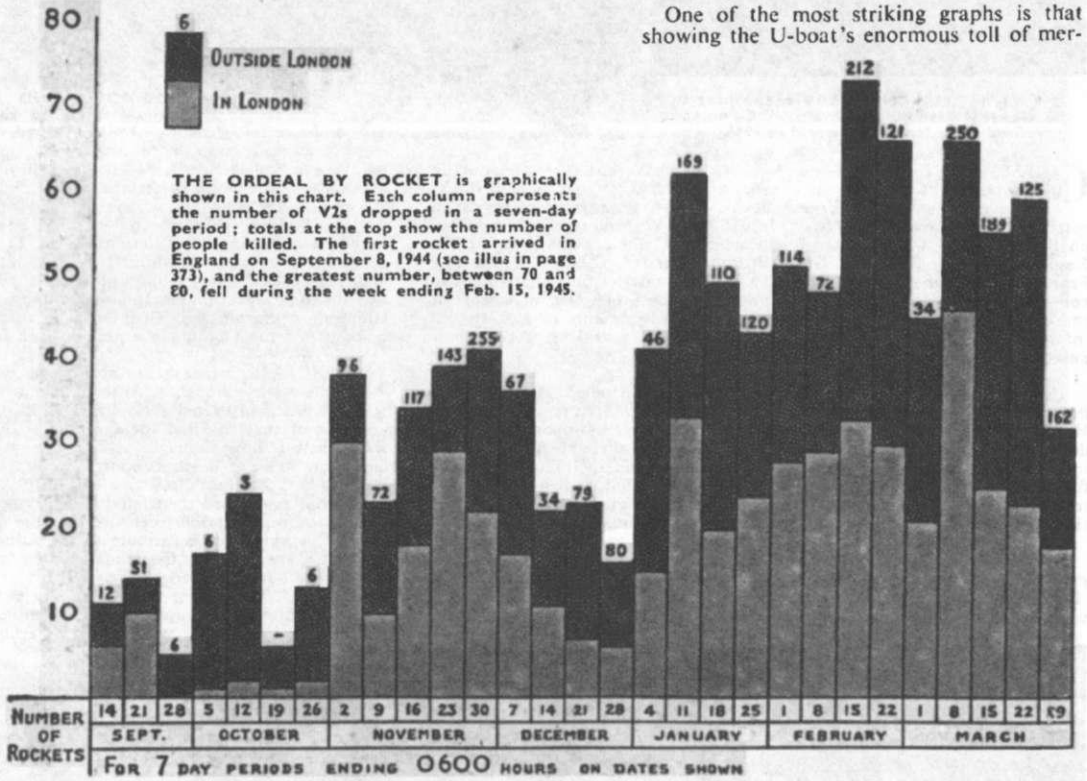
The production of war stores generally, taking the average index for production in 1940 as 100, rose steeply to a peak of 350 in February and March 1943, and remained at 240 in April 1945.

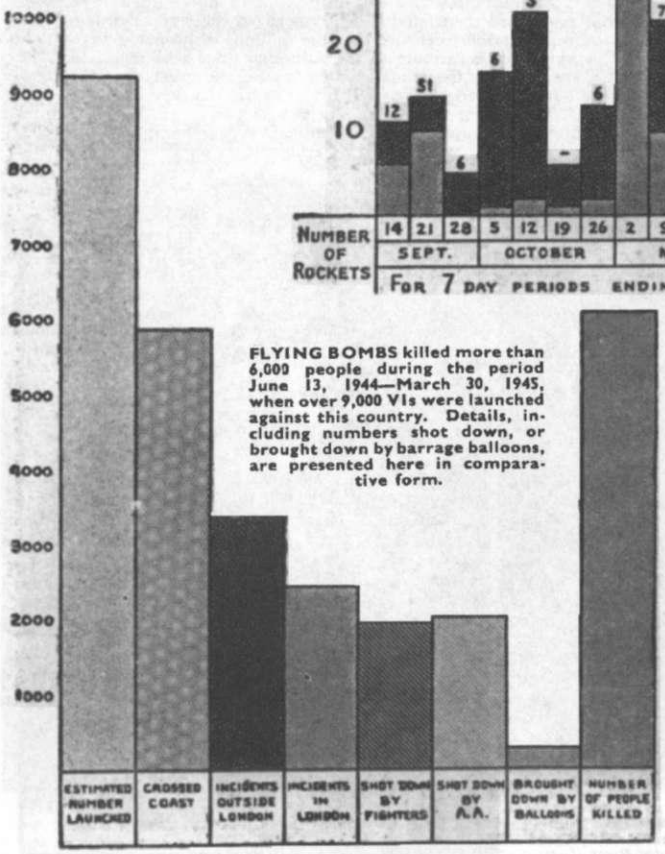
One of the most striking graphs is that showing the U-boat's enormous toll of merchant shipping. In 1942 it amounted to some 6,000,000 gross tons, compared with under 2,000,000 in each of the years 1939, 1940 and 1941, and had fallen to about 750,000 gross tons in 1944

IN December, with America in the war one year, was recorded the first substantial excess of tonnage built over losses from all causes. Of about 1,200 commissioned, nearly 800 U-boats were sunk by July 1945; 200 were scuttled and over 150 were under Allied control. The remainder were unaccounted for.

In April 1944 the enemy's source of oil in Europe became a priority air target. In the absence of continued Allied bombing, output of oil might have recovered by August to 1,000,000 tons. Instead, by April 3, 1945, Axis oil output was down to an estimated monthly rate of 50,000 to 150,000 tons.

Other graphs show that in 1943 Canada and America consumed more milk, poultry, game, fish and eggs than in pre-war years, while Britons had less of everything except milk potatoes, vegetables and grain.


OUTSIDE LONDON
IN LONDON
THE ORDEAL BY ROCKET is graphically shown in this chart. Each column represents the number of V2s dropped in a seven-day period; totals at the top show the number of people killed. The first rocket arrived in England on September 8, 1944 (see illus in page 373), and the greatest number, between 70 and 80, fell during the week ending Feb. 15, 1945.
NUMBER OF ROCKETS
SEPT. OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER JANUARY FEBRUARY MARCH
FOR 7 DAY PERIODS ENDING 0600 HOURS ON DATES SHOWN


FLYING BOMBS killed more than 6,000 people during the period June 13, 1944—March 30, 1945, when over 9,000 V1s were launched against this country. Details, including numbers shot down, or brought down by barrage balloons, are presented here in comparative form.
ESTIMATED NUMBER LAUNCHED
CROSSED COAST
INCIDENTS OUTSIDE LONDON
INCIDENTS IN LONDON
SHOT DOWN BY FIGHTERS
SHOT DOWN BY A.A.
BROUGHT DOWN BY BALLOONS
NUMBER OF PEOPLE KILLED

1,000,000,000 May Face Starvation

THE RT. HON. ERNEST BEVIN speaking to the General Assembly of the U.N.O. on the food crisis facing the world in 1946.

SERIOUS AND AVOIDABLE WASTE is demonstrated to the housewives of Hammersmith: bread collected from waste-bins.

CATASTROPHE of world-wide famine, in which one thousand million people might be involved, was declared a distinct possibility within a few months by Mr. Ernest Bevin, British Foreign Secretary, in a speech to the General Assembly of the U.N.O. at Westminster Hall, London, on Feb. 13, 1946. His speech, broadcast to the whole world, supported a Resolution by the Big Five—Great Britain, America, U.S.S.R., China and France—to urge the United Nations to take drastic and immediate steps to conserve supplies and to step-up to maximum the production of wheat for the coming season. He also appealed to all Governments to publish full information as to their own supplies of cereals and reveal steps they proposed to take to ensure maximum production.

The full gravity of the situation was summed up when Mr. Bevin reiterated the figures of requirements and available supplies in regard to wheat. He stated that 17,000,000 tons would be required by the importing nations during the first six months of 1946, and that the total available in the exporting countries for that period was only 12,000,000 tons. Included in these figures were the requirements of U.N.R.R.A. The deficit, shown as 5,000,000 tons, may well be increased when later figures are made available, as the situation in respect of wheat and rice had deteriorated.

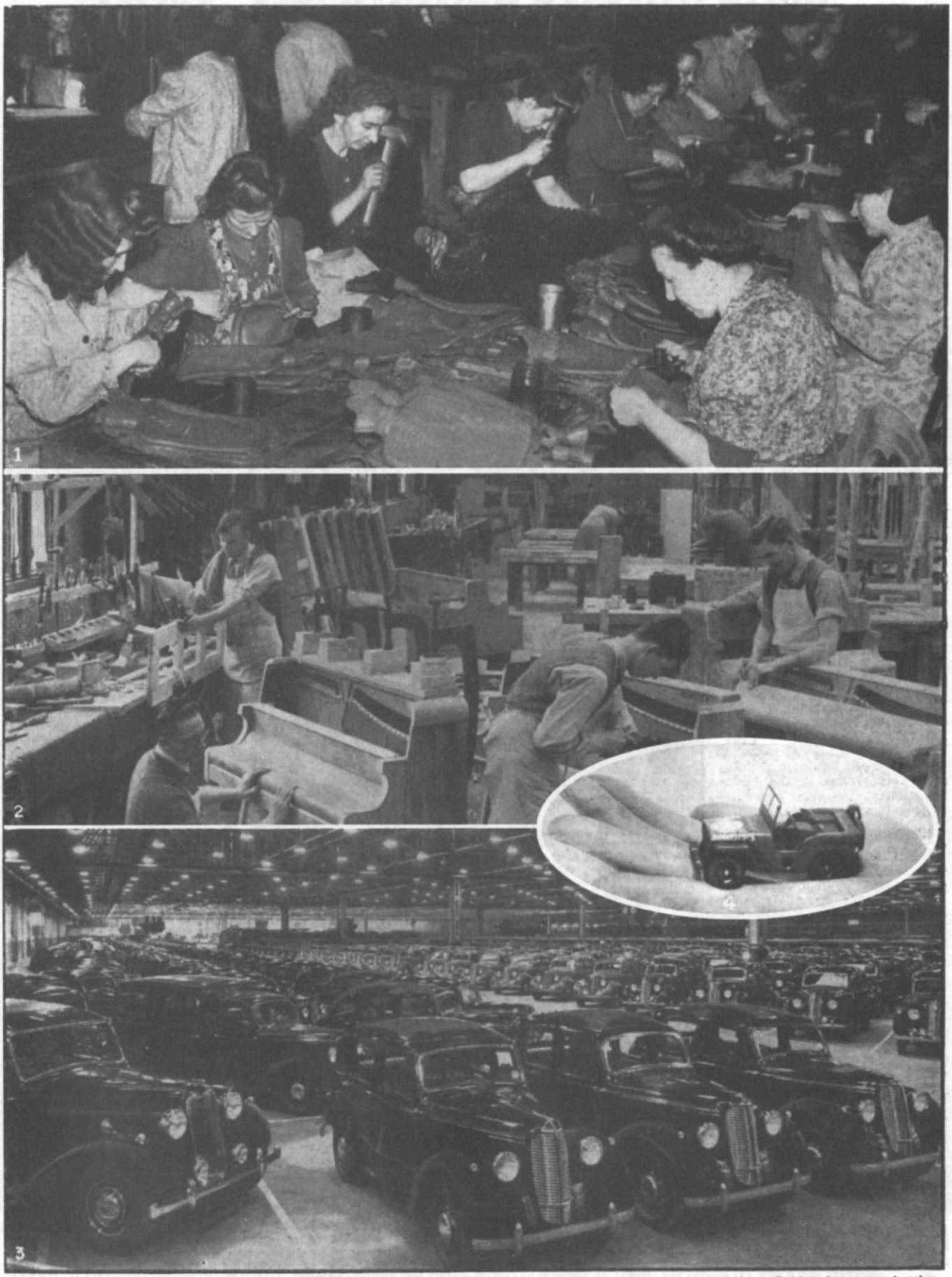
He pleaded with each Nation to make the handling of the crisis a major part of their policy, irrespective of political considerations "because civilization really depends on solving this food problem and we cannot begin reconstruction unless it is surmounted within four months." Failure to make a collective effort—allowing the situation to run its course unchecked—would result in certain famine and starvation in many areas, but "maybe even with our available supplies with proper distribution and organized effort we can avoid that." Dealing with steps that could be taken to alleviate the suffering caused through disturbance of the whole economic life of the world, Mr. Bevin stated that the first consideration was to see that every ounce of food is properly used. The second step was for the "Governments to collaborate in securing adequate and fair distribution of surpluses. This must be more than a pious expression of opinion; it must be made a part of each Government's policy."

BRITAIN is to increase her acreage of wheat to be sown this year, and anti-waste campaigns have been started. Where necessary the diet is to be modified to include less variety, as, in Mr. Bevin's words, "it was a question of survival, and the survival of the people throughout the world was a better thing than varied diet. It was better to have a monotonous diet than to have death running through the whole of the human race." He regarded the Resolution as a call to the Nations in the greatest common cause that ever faced them, and it would need all the resources, ingenuity, ability and organization to ensure that the millions of human beings might not only survive but contribute to the future happiness of mankind. Mr. Stettinius, speaking for the United States, one of the greatest of the food-producing countries, pledged the full support of the U.S.A. if the Resolution was adopted. Declaring that it was by this test that the United Nations would stand or fall, he appealed for unanimous support, and the Resolution was carried by acclamation on February 14, 1946.

FEEDING BRITAIN is the onerous task of Sir Ben Smith, K.B.E., Minister of Food (right). Among many generous food gifts from our Dominions was a consignment from Australia (above) being distributed to the elderly people of Southwark, London, by Mr. Norman Martin, Agent-General for Victoria.

Photos, Keystone, Central Press, Associated Press, Topical

Made in Britain and Welcomed the World Over



OUR EXPORT DRIVE IS GAINING MOMENTUM with more war factories turning over to peacetime production. Rubber hot-water bottles, for long unobtainable in this country without a doctor's certificate, are being made at a Streatham, London, factory (1) for overseas. Pianos are assembled (2) for foreign buyers. A former shadow-factory (3) is sending some 4,000 cars abroad each month. The toy industry is booming; thousands of model Jeeps (4) are going to America. See also page 366.

Photos, Fox, P.A.-Reuter, The News Chronicle

Fleet Air Arm Officers on Loan to the R.A.F.

The services of many individual members of the F.A.A. loaned to the R.A.F. were magnificent indeed. Co-operation was perfect and results more than justified the partnership. Exploits of aces among the Navy's flyers ("flying fish"), some of whom helped to save Britain in 1940, are revealed in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated" by L. F. THOMPSON.

IN the first R.A.F. aircraft to cross the German frontier in the War there sat a naval officer, the observer. He was Commander Thompson, R.N., and in that sortie, whose objective was the photographing of the German fleet on its way out of Wilhelmshaven, was born a co-operation between the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm of which some phases are little known.

Many people will remember the phrase "Fleet Air Arm aircraft operating under R.A.F. Command." It became quite familiar, and usually continued to tell how E-boats or R-boats had been sunk at night in the Channel or off the enemy coast! Sometimes it was a minelaying story, or perhaps it was part of a communiqué from Cairo at the time when the Albacores were pin-pointing desert targets for the heavy night bombers.

A less familiar aspect is that of the individual naval officer who flew in a R.A.F. squadron as part and parcel of that entity. He was "on loan," and he turned up on all sorts of odd R.A.F. missions. His hosts usually referred to him as the "blue job" or the "flying fish," and accepted him wholeheartedly into their generous companionship.

There are not so many men entitled to wear the little emblem on the 1939-1945 Star ribbon which indicates membership of "the few." With those who helped to save Britain and the world in 1940 were some F.A.A. men. Alongside Squadron-Leader (now Group Captain) D. Bader, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, flew such men as Sub-Lieutenant (A) R. E. Gardner, R.N., and Sub-Lieutenant (A) R. J. Cork, R.N. There were not many of these naval officers, forty at most, and the survivors of the Battle were fewer; but they had their share in that hour of glory.

Keeping Night-Long Vigil

With Britain saved from invasion came the slow building-up of the gigantic night bomber force which eventually was to strike such hammer-blows at the Reich. But in 1940-41, when listeners to the B.B.C. heard that "last night our bombers raided the marshalling yards at Hamm," it usually meant a succession of solitary aircraft keeping a night-long vigil. At the controls of that lonely Hampden, or Wellington, was quite possibly a man in darker blue uniform than the rest of his crew. The shortage of trained pilots for Bomber Command had led it also to draw on the Royal Navy's flyers. Of those early bomber-men very few indeed returned to fly again with the Fleet Air Arm.

Not all the jobs given to the "flying fish" were quite so critically dangerous or so far removed from their normal naval work. There were several officers like Lieutenant (A) J. Plant, R.N.V.R., who served in Air-Sea Rescue Walrus squadrons of the R.A.F. And others such as Lieutenant (A) "Kipper" Baring, R.N., whose sundry duties in the Middle East included the dropping of wild-looking Resistance men, garbed in long cloaks, into the Balkan mountains.

Throughout their long and bitter mining campaign against the Germans, Bomber Command had a fairly constant flow of Fleet Air Arm observers supplied to them. At one time these officers also carried out the other routine bombing missions. It was a trifle unusual for a navigator, trained in the draughty rear cockpit of a Swordfish, to find himself in the comparative comfort of a four-engined bomber. One such complained that he had to draw longer lines!

When, shortly before the Anglo-American invasion of North Africa, certain Blenheim squadrons began training in East Anglia, they each had one F.A.A. officer attached to them. One of these squadrons was commanded by the late Wing-Commander H. G. Malcolm, V.C., whose fame has been perpetuated by the Servicemen's clubs named after him. The observer attached to his squadron was Sub-Lieutenant (A) K. G. Williams, R.N.V.R. On his last heroic attack in Tunisia, Malcolm's squadron lost all their aircraft, and only six men survived.

NAVY AND R.A.F. CO-OPERATION was not confined to offensive operations during the War. Here, Fleet Air Arm mechanics and R.A.F. ground staff work together on the overhaul of a Naval aircraft operating with Coastal Command. *Photo, Fox*

PERHAPS the largest transfer of aircrew on loan to the R.A.F. came at the end of 1943. This took place under the auspices of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, then A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command. It was in a field of air warfare completely new to the Fleet Air Arm, and ensured that two or three complete crews, pilot and observer, should be attached to practically every night-fighter squadron.

This gave the naval aircraft a chance they had dreamed of, to fly in Mosquitoes. It also brought them under the leadership of such aces as Group-Captain (then Wing-Commander) John Cunningham, D.S.O., D.F.C. (See page 246, Vol. 4). They soon proved their worth, and first blood was drawn by Lieutenants (A) W. Lawley-Wakelin and Williams, R.N.V.R., in January 1944, when they destroyed a Junkers 88 in one of the Luftwaffe's last large-scale attacks on London.

Apart from such defensive night-fighting, the Mosquito squadrons were sometimes called on for other duties. One squadron, stationed in Cornwall, was allocated the task of long-range day patrols in the Bay of Biscay. The object of these patrols was to protect the aircraft of Coastal Command on anti-submarine patrol from the German fighters stationed on the French Atlantic coast. Thus the "blue jobs" attached to this squadron found themselves, somewhat to their chagrin, back at their old job, as one put it, of "flying over lots and lots of water." They had the satisfaction, however, of adding to the squadron's list of successes.

D-Day transformed most of the R.A.F.'s night fighting squadrons from defensive to offensive units. Acting under the orders of Fighter Command on intruder operations, or Bomber Command on bomber support missions, the Mosquitoes went farther and farther afield. The naval aircrews shared in the resultant successes and shared, too, in the casualties. One of the best crews, Lieutenants (A) D. Price and R. Armitage, R.N.V.R., gained the award of the D.F.C. for their outstanding work at this period.

Channel Buzz-Bomb Patrol

Then came the VIs, and some of the night fighter squadrons were switched to the job of shooting them down. One of the naval crews has described the typical nightly scene when on a mid-Channel buzz-bomb patrol. "In France we could see the flares and explosions as Bomber Command went in. Just off the French coast were the German flak ships only too ready to let go with their tracer; and, in mid-Channel, as like as not, would be the flashes from a battle between the E-boats and M.T.B.s. Then the buzz-bombs would start coming and the fighters would let go with all they had, and over to the north thousands of search-lights and gun-flashes completed the picture. When everything was going at once it really looked like Hollywood's idea of war."

Towards the end of 1944 the surviving naval night-fighters returned to their own service. "Well," they jokingly told their former hosts, "we've got the invasion running smoothly for you!" The story that had begun with Commander Thompson on September 3, 1939, was now nearly ended. The service of Fleet Air Arm crews in Air Force squadrons served many purposes. Sometimes it was an end in itself. Sometimes the experience gained for the Fleet Air Arm was the dividend. Frequently it proved what the naval crews could have achieved earlier in the War had it been possible for them to receive adequate machines and equipment.

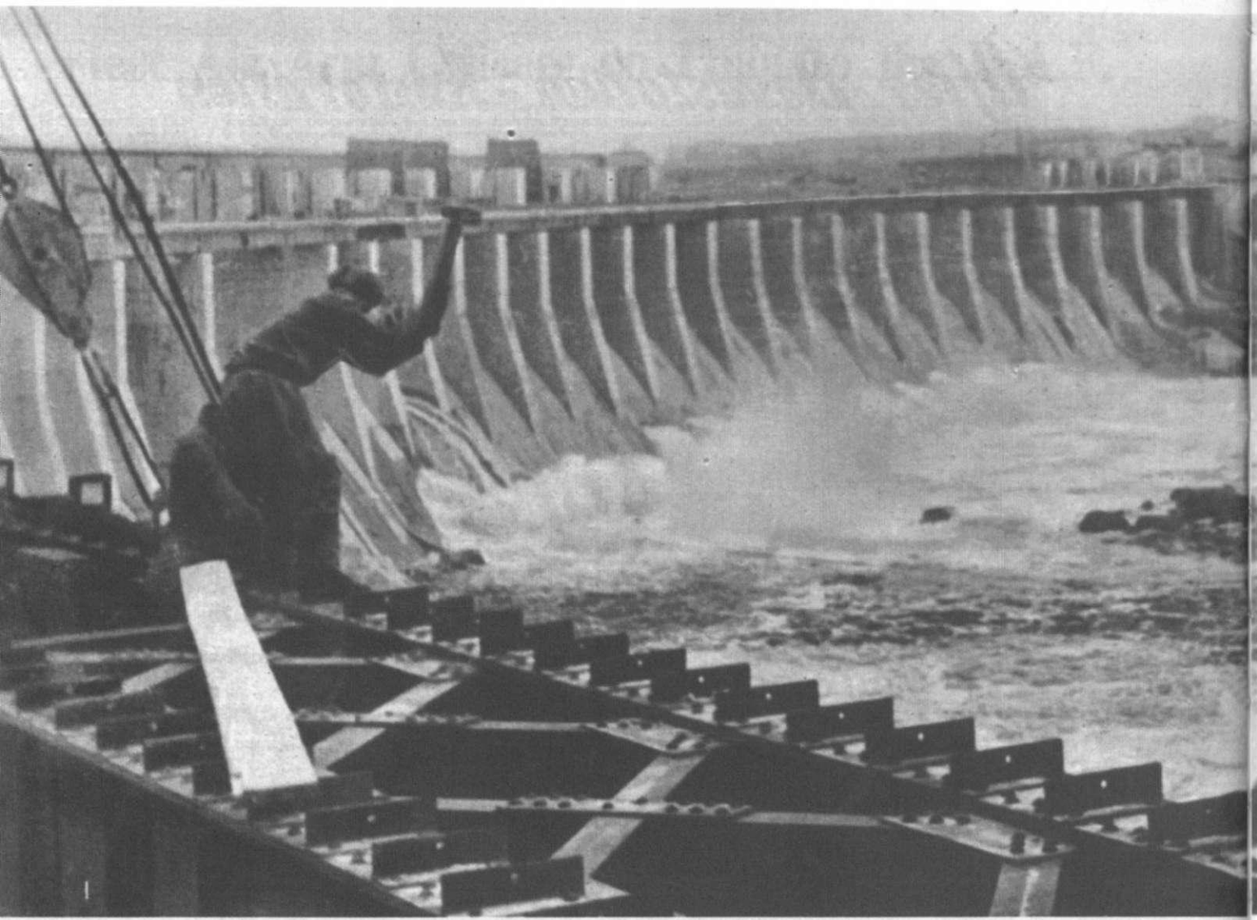
After the war of 1914-1918. the Royal Naval Air Service became part of the Royal Air Force. From their co-operation and collaboration in this last War, in particular the service of individual members in R.A.F. squadrons, the modern Naval Air Service has a high regard for the Royal Air Force, whose laurels it was proud to help to maintain.

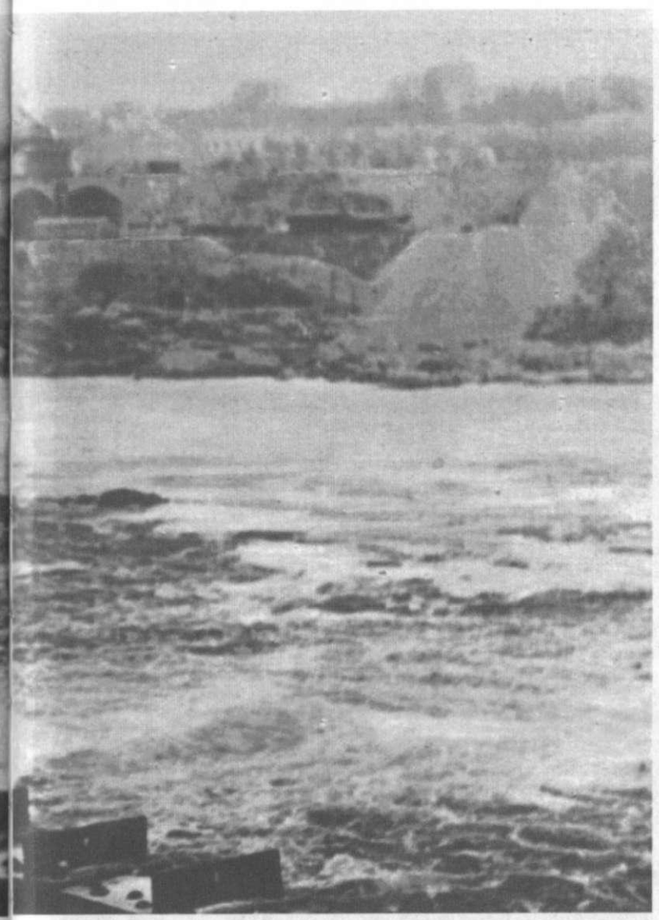
After Devastation - Restoration

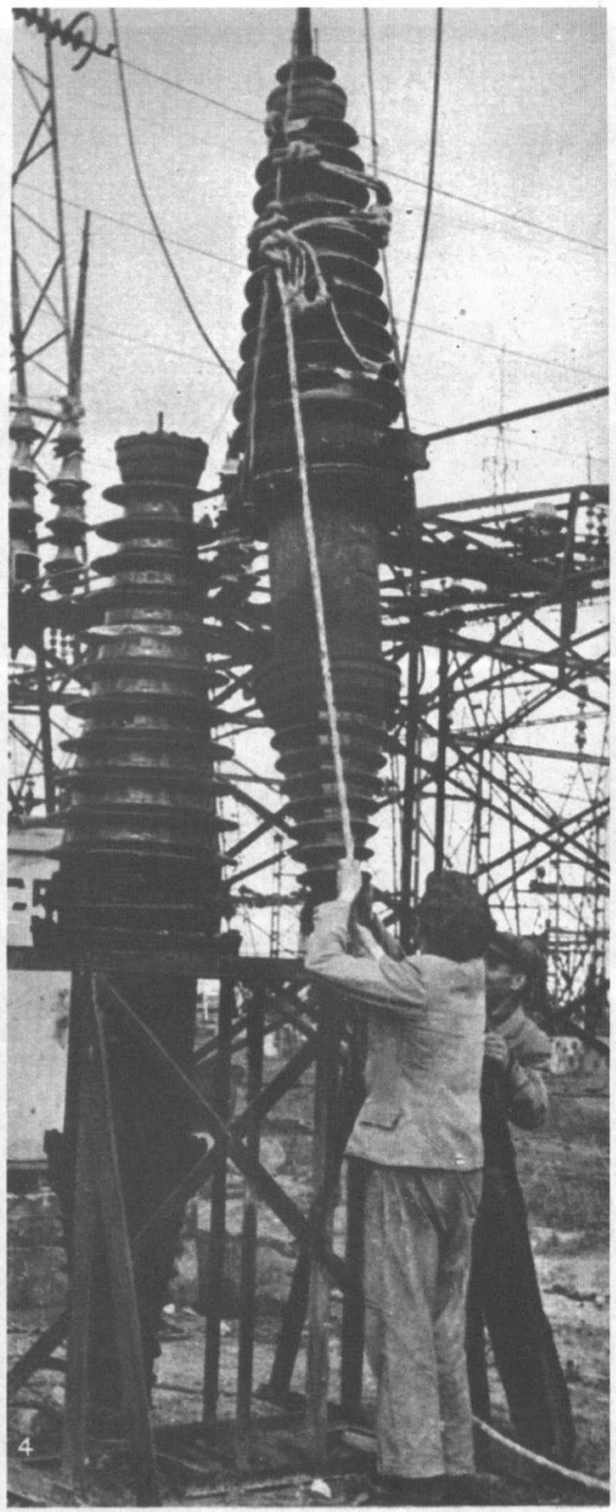
Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

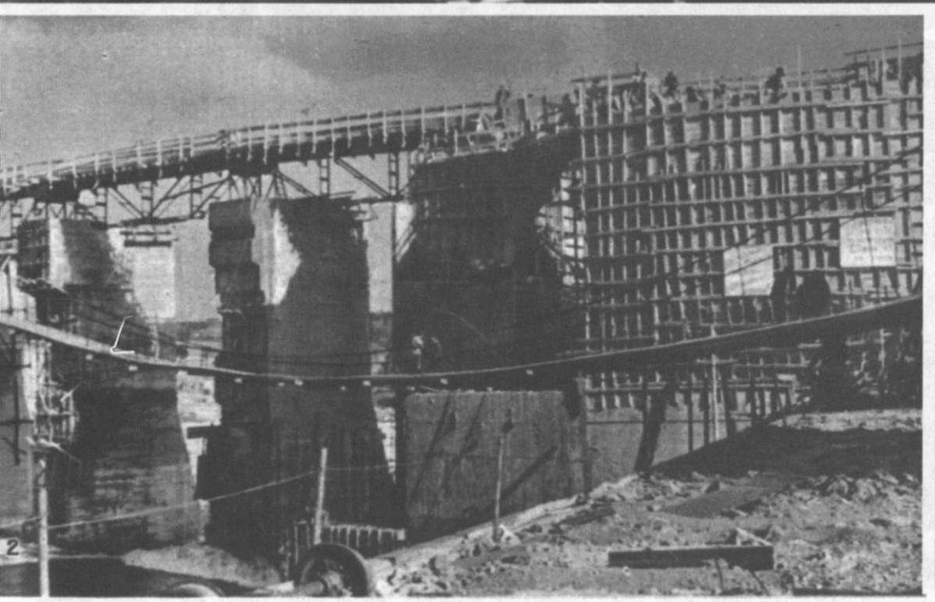
Albania Sets Her Ravaged State in Order

In the fight against Italian and German occupation the Albanian National Liberation Army lost some 22,000 men out of a population of 1,000,000. Material damage was great: repairs in progress at Tirana, the capital (1), which was liberated on Nov. 17, 1944. Her soldiers have a first-class reputation: on parade for drill (2). At this shoemender's shop (3) old tires are used for resoling. On January 11, 1946, Albania was declared a republic, ex-King Zog being forbidden to return.









Russia's Great Hydro-Electric Power Plant—

—Will Function Again on the Dnieper's Banks

Pride of the U.S.S.R., the Dnieper power station which the Russians blew up, in accordance with their "scorched earth" policy, when they evacuated Dnepropetrovsk on August 28, 1941, is being restored. The town was retaken from the Germans on October 25, 1943, and in the early days of 1946 work on the concrete part of the dam was nearing completion and the stage was being approached when power could again be supplied to the industry and agriculture of the Ukraine.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Necessary replacements include 25,000 tons of new steel sections and equipment and 175,000 tons of concrete work. Assembling the metal frame of the power station building (1). Work on one of the abutments (2) of the monster dam. Cranes carry masses of concrete and fixtures to the labourers (3). Indicating the magnitude of the power-house machinery: changing bushes for the oil master-switch (4). It is expected that restoration will be completed before the close of 1946.

Netherlands Farmlands Twice Wrested From the Sea

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Noted for heavy wheat crops, the Wieringermeer area was originally raised from the Zuider Zee by the industrious people of the Netherlands. On April 17, 1945, the Germans wantonly blew up the dikes and the land was inundated afresh. Wieringerwerf under water (1). Flood damage at Middenmeer (2). Now the breaches have been sealed and the water pumped away. No trees remained alive: replacements (3) "heeled-in" for later planting. Ploughing starts again (4).

"The Challenge of Red China"

Reviewed by HAMILTON FYFE

"THE Chinese Empire," remarked old Mrs. Voysey in the fifth act of The Voysey Inheritance, Granville Barker's play, "must be in a shocking condition." That was forty years ago. For a long time before that, and ever since then, articles and books have been filling the public mind with that same idea. I cannot remember a time when China did not seem to be "in a shocking state."

Every now and again the announcement is made that a change for the better has come. We have heard lately that a move has been made towards unity, and we all want to believe it. But we cannot help remembering how often we have been deceived. When the Chinese Empire was turned into a Republic that did not stop the private wars between feudal potentates, each with an army of his own. When a central government emerged strong enough to put down these disturbances, conditions became little less confused and disorderly. At last Chiang Kai-shek (see illus. page 498, Vol 7) rose to the top, and hope of a united China revived, especially when Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931. Now, it was supposed, the Chinese really will stand together to resist this unprovoked aggression.

But for some while past there has been an impression that their leaders were interested in an internal conflict as well as in fighting the Japanese. As in Europe, so in China there grew up a Communist Party which demanded both reforms at home and more vigorous waging of war against the Japanese. It began to look as though the government established in Chungking was using some of the arms and ammunition sent to it, not only for the purpose of striking against the common enemy, Japan, but for another purpose as well. This was the recovery of the northern province adjoining Manchuria, where the Communists had set up a system of their own.

Economic and Financial Crisis

At one period it did appear likely that the quarrel would be patched up. No difference between Communists and anti-Communists can ever be more than patched up, any more than those between Roman Catholics and Protestants in the 17th century could be. It was intelligible enough that the Kuomintang, the government in Chungking, should aim at suppressing a movement hostile to itself. What one finds very hard to believe is that Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues should have made war on the Communist province because Tokyo was afraid of Communism.

And yet in his book The Challenge of Red China (Pilot Press, 15s.), Gunther Stein, who has been in the Far East for more than ten years as correspondent for American newspapers, says of events in 1940:

> Once more in the midst of the China-Japan war Tokyo demanded from the Chinese Government that it suppress the Communist armies . . . Once more the Kuomintang took action.

It was, of course, to Japan's interest that the Chinese should be divided into two sections fighting one another. But there seems to have been another motive for their demand. The Japanese rulers were afraid that if Communism spread in China it might, as a Jap militarist organ put it, "seriously affect Japan." For the Japanese rulers knew a good deal more about the methods of the Communists in Shantung and Shansi, the area they controlled, than did the authorities in Chungking. They felt they could deal with the rest of China so long as the Kuomintang's methods of government remained what they were.

> The lack of democracy and free speech in Kuomintang territory paralysed the people's spirit and the war effort in general. The economic and financial crisis rose and nothing effective was done to combat it. The grossly inequitable distribution of war burdens among various strata of society led to increasing popular dissatisfaction. The pathetic undernourishment of the Kuomintang soldiers and the delay of urgently needed army reforms weakened China's military power more and more.

When I made the acquaintance of Gunther Stein before he went to the Far East, he was strongly anti-Fascist. Hitler had turned him out of Germany. He detested the Nazi system. But he was certainly not a Red. I received the impression that he disliked Moscow totalitarianism almost as much as the Berlin brand. This makes me all the more ready to accept his judgement about Red China. He has no theories, no "ideology," no propaganda to put across. He simply relates what he saw and heard during a three months' visit to the Communist provinces of the Border Region.

Bewildered by Their Double Task

He went with no prejudices, no high expectations; simply as a reporter determined to discover the facts, which he set down in a convincing because unimpassioned manner, with a desire to make his readers understand why China is still "in a shocking state," and how urgently necessary it is that "American, British and Russian statesmanship should help China to become *one*."

As Mr. Stein travelled from Chungking, in the centre of the country, to the north, he noticed that the population appeared to be thoroughly mobilized.

> But it was evidently a disciplinarian and not a popular mobilization, based on suspicion rather than trust of the people, on rigid control from above rather than on any attempt to enlist voluntary co-operation. The ordinary men and women and youths I saw impressed me as even more apathetic than elsewhere in China, as though they were bewildered by their contradictory double task of facing an external enemy and an internal foe.

When the author had crossed "the lifeless, closely-blockaded border between the two halves of China," being rowed across the Yellow River, on which there had been so much trade in peaceful times and which was now deserted, he found a different spirit in the people. The farmers looked better fed and clothed; they seemed to have more livestock. Cotton was being grown; spinning and weaving went on. Schools were more numerous "and there was in general more activity in these little cave-villages, poor though they still were, than in those we had passed on the other side. The village magistrates were keen, practical men of the peasant type. They did not try to conceal defects; they talked about them freely and spoke hopefully of prospects of improvement in the near future."

Generalissimo and Mme. CHIANG KAI-SHEK at Nanking with General George C. Marshall, newly appointed U.S. ambassador to China and former U.S. Chief of Staff.
Photo, Keystone

THERE was none of the pretence which has made Americans, and Europeans too, impatient of Chinese methods, diplomatic and business; none of "those irritating and often unconquerable handicaps to mutual understanding and practical co-operation which that fateful little word 'face' still implies as it has done ever since foreigners made contact with China." What that means is, to put it more bluntly, humbug. False compliments, roundabout speeches, insincere humility, foolish pride—that is "face." In Red China, according to Mr. Stein, "it simply does not exist." This naturally makes personal relations far easier.

Michael Lindsay, son of the Master of Balliol, not a Communist himself but a fellow-worker with them, has warm liking as well as admiration for those among whom he lived with his Chinese wife in Yenan, the capital of the two Communist provinces. Life is simple there, even hard, but there is "a peculiar pioneer atmosphere of unsophisticated self-assured enthusiasm" which inspires confidence, and makes "its primitive caves teem with life and activity." Mr. Stein contrasts it with Chungking, "getting more weary, lax and helpless, its crowds looking strained and purposeless in the stale and futile commercial atmosphere of dirty streets, its officials sitting year after year in clogged, over-staffed Government offices, more undernourished and dejected as time goes on."

New Ways of Getting Things Done

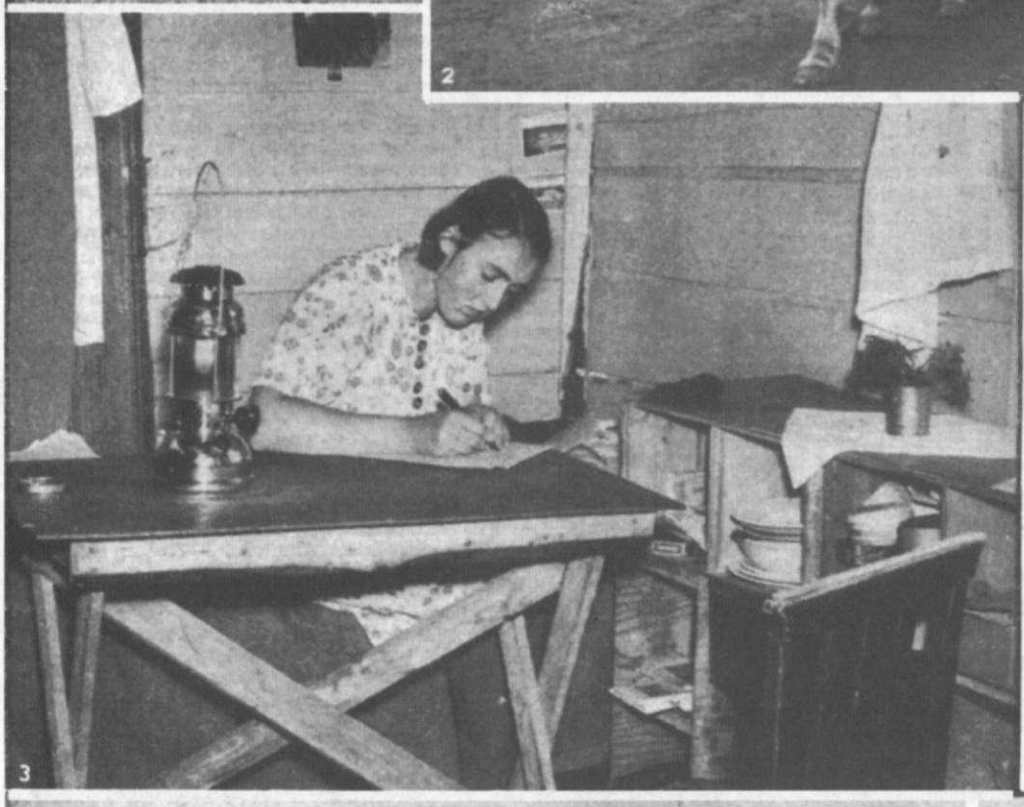
Evidently, if we are to trust Mr. Stein, the new united China will have to be run by the Reds if it is to be successfully run. This does not mean that it will imitate the Russian system. "The Chinese Communists feel as grown up, after eighteen years of continuous responsibility for the conduct of armies and administrations, as the Soviet Union does after twenty-eight years. They regard the conditions under which Marxism has to be applied to China as utterly different from those prevailing in Russia." Its aim will be efficiency, not the triumph of an ideology. It will not be hampered by personal feuds and political struggles between leaders.

> The deeper I probed, the more likely I found it that relations inside the Party were largely determined by mutual frankness and a good measure of democratic procedure, which led to a harmonization of views. . . . I failed to discover any signs of dissension. . . . Every functionary seems to be freely elected by members, from the lowest organizations up.

What the Chinese Communists aimed at was to provide a system of government cheap enough for the people to finance without difficulty (such a system they have never had), and ready to take on all sorts of responsibilities that had been shirked before. They tried many new ways of getting things done. For instance, they induced both soldiers and officials to grow their own food. One district magistrate told Mr. Stein that he and his staff would not only be able to do without wages, but they would contribute largely to the public stock of grain. Thus "officials instead of drawing salaries pay for the honour of working for the government."

To sum up, it would appear that if Mr. Stein's judgement is as sound as his evidence seems to be worthy of consideration, Chiang Kai-shek's regime will have to undergo some important changes to bring it more into touch with modern ideas of democracy before we can entertain any hope of China emerging from that "shocking state" in which it has so long been existing.

Hard-Won Resurgence in Northernmost Norway



FINMARK'S STRUGGLE to fashion means of existence in this bleak Arctic region continues as more and more of the surviving inhabitants return from enforced evacuation to commence life over again. With systematic savagery the Germans destroyed all the essentials for human life.

Out of this scrapheap of War, families have improvised accommodation for themselves in face of countless difficulties. An upturned bomb-fin (1) becomes a wash-basin. A family returns by horse and cart to the ruins of Honningavaag (2). The district nurse settles down to work in the porch of the church, the only building to escape destruction in Karasjok (3).

Transport problems are not easily overcome : one of the few boats that remained undamaged is seen (4) on the Tana after landing supplies for the people of Polmark. Mines and mine-fields hinder reconstruction, and the presence of these is indicated by a warning sign (5). See also illus. page 296 ; and pages 588–589, 749, Vol. 8.

Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Canada's 'Operation Muskox' is Under Way

ARCTIC CONDITIONS call for specially designed equipment to make "Operation Muskox" a success. Included are "snowmobiles" (1), tank-like vehicles with wide treads; these are fitted with plate-glass windows, heated cabins and bunks. A Dakota (2) is being warmed-up for the task of dropping supplies to those on trek. Several types of face-mask are worn (3) as protection against the cold on the 3,100-mile route from Churchill, Manitoba, to Edmonton, Alberta (see map).
Photos, New York Times Photos

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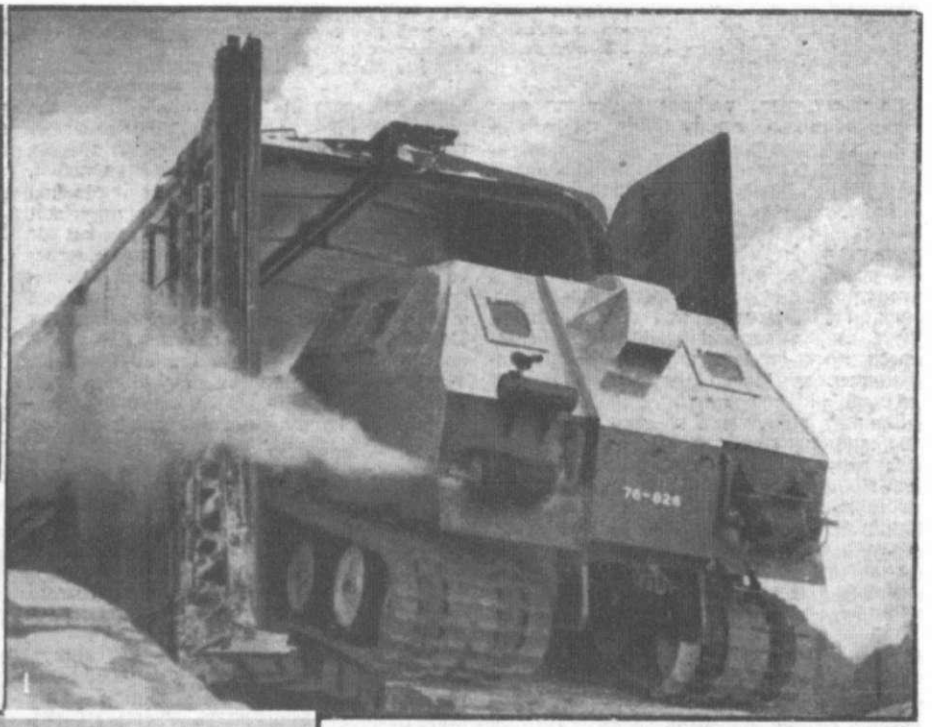


A PEACETIME EXERCISE ON A WARTIME BASIS, "Operation Muskox" set out from Churchill Air Base on Febuary 15, 1946, to cover the Arctic and sub-Arctic wastes of Canada. Sanctioned by the Canadian Minister of National Defence in October 1945, it is non-tactical, although co-operating forces are to be Canadian Army and R.C.A.F. personnel. With the party are scientists and observers, and representatives of the Dominion Observatory, Meteorological Service and Survey branches.

On its success may well depend the opening-up of trans-Arctic routes and the developments of the Northern Arctic wastelands, the object being to study the movement and maintenance of vehicles and personnel by air and land co-operation in conditions varying between the barren wastes of an Arctic winter and the North-Western bush in spring. Reliance is being placed on the ability of "snowmobiles" to overcome these changing conditions, also on the new-type Arctic clothing. Equipment used is Canadian designed and built, being the direct result of Britain's overtures to the Canadian Army for similar equipment in which a number of British Lovat Scouts had been trained at Jasper during the winter of 1943-44 for the proposed invasion of Norway.

The route of some 3,100 miles (see map) commences at Churchill, Manitoba, and terminates at Edmonton, Alberta, and is to be covered by a force numbering about 45, in 12 "snowmobiles," to arrive at Edmonton on May 5, 1946. A small advanced force was sent to Baker Lake to prepare an air-strip and to establish a scientific station to obtain and dispatch meteorological and magnetic data. It was reported on February 18 that the exercise party had reached a point about 45 miles north of Churchill and was there marooned by a snowstorm and high winds.

Victims of the Inhuman Doctors of Dachau

At the Nuremberg trials a Czech surgeon, Dr. Franz Blaha, gave evidence on January 11, 1946, of "scientific" experiments on human beings which he had witnessed during his four-years' imprisonment at Dachau concentration camp. Some of these acts, perpetrated by German doctors and S.S. men on Slavs and other "inferior races," are recorded in this article specially written for "The War Illustrated" by JOHN FORTINBRAS.

TWENTY men, perhaps the worst men alive in Germany today, sat hard of face and sullen-eyed in the dock at Nuremberg, when Mr. Thomas Dodd, Counsel for the United States, interrupted the sequence of indictments of individual defendants to call as witness Dr. Franz Blaha, chief physician of the Polyclinic Hospital at Prague. The prosecutor said that his witness would give important evidence involving Rosenberg, Funk, Frick, Sauckel and Kaltenbrunner, about certain surgical operations and research work he had seen during his imprisonment at Dachau from April 1941 until the camp's liberation in April 1945.

Squarely built, clean shaven, and with a pale, studious face, Dr. Blaha repeated the oath after the President, nervously. He then stood rigid, but with mouth square-set, before being motioned to a seat. Instead of examining him immediately, the prosecutor, to save the Tribunal's time, read an affidavit subscribed to and sworn by the witness at Nuremberg two days earlier:

"In June 1942 I was taken into the hospital (at Dachau) as a surgeon. Shortly afterwards I was directed to conduct a stomach operation on twenty healthy prisoners. Because I would not do this I was put in the autopsy-room, where I stayed until April 1945. While there I performed approximately 7,000 autopsies. In all, 12,000 autopsies were performed under my direction." What lay behind those 12,000 post-mortems filled every man and woman in court, perhaps even the wretched Nazi leaders, with feelings of anguish, anger and dismay.

Unconscious in Ice-Cold Baths

To explore methods for reviving airmen who had baled out into the sea, and survivors from sea disasters, one Dachau doctor, Sigismund Rascher, a friend of Heinrich Himmler, prepared ice-cold baths in which prisoners were put and kept until they became unconscious. A rectal thermometer registered their temperatures. Each time a prisoner's body dropped one degree in temperature, Dr. Rascher or one of his assistants put a needle into the man's neck and extracted a globule of blood. This was analysed. Most men died when their body temperatures dropped to 25 degrees centigrade. One man remained conscious until 19 degrees centigrade.

IT then became Rascher's special object of research to try out various means of reviving those men who, although unconscious, were not dead when removed from their ice baths. He experimented with hot-water applications, electro therapy, artificial warmth from the sun, and what he was pleased to call "animal warmth." For this last treatment prostitutes of non-German nationality were used, and two of them were made to lie naked, one on each side of the semi-frozen body, reviving it by their own body heat.

In these experiments Dr. Sigismund Rascher used 300 prisoners. Many died in his ice baths. Of the others, the majority lost their reason and were then sent to "invalid blocks" where, in common with all patients committed to such blocks, they were "liquidated." Only two survivors, the Czech doctor told the Tribunal, were known to him from those forced into these immersion researches—a Pole and a Yugoslav. Both were mental cases.

Also designed ostensibly to save lives at sea, and more fundamentally to destroy lives at Dachau, were a series of salt-water experiments conducted on Hungarian and gipsy prisoners in the hospital during the autumn of 1944. From 80 to 90 prisoners of these nationalities were selected at varying times. They thus became hospital patients, and their treatment consisted of being locked in a room and "fed" for five days on salt water. They had nothing else to eat or drink. Periodically, Dachau's mad doctors took samples of their urine, blood and excrement. Curiously, in the light of almost every other experiment ever devised at Dachau, this salt-water test, though it agonized its victims, claimed no fatalities. The explanation for this, Dr. Blaha said, lay in the comradeship of other prisoners by means of which food was smuggled into the "salt-water cells."

Skin Stripped From Dead Bodies

Dr. Sigismund Rascher used from 500 to 600 prisoners in his experiments to determine the effects both of high altitudes and of rapid descents on parachutists. He constructed a special van, fitting it with valves and pressure pumps, so that its air density could be regulated at will, reproducing atmospheric conditions from ground level to 100,000 feet. Into this hermetically sealed van prisoners were thrust in groups of 20. Then the doctor began manipulating the valves and, with trained precision, recording data. Sometimes Dr. Blaha himself looked through an inspection window during these experiments. Invariably he saw men lying unconscious on the floor of the van. Most of them eventually died through haemorrhages of lungs or brain. Almost all coughed blood when taken out. It was Dr. Blaha's duty to clear out the bodies from the altitude van and send their internal organs as subjects for special research to a laboratory at Munich.

DR. SIGISMUND RASCHER, assisted by Dr. Wolter, forced the Czech surgeon to turn his skill to taxidermy and strip scientifically the skins from dead prisoners, taking care to remove only healthy skins, chiefly that from the back and chest of bodies which had belonged to healthy prisoners. The human skins were then chemically treated and placed in the sun to dry. Afterwards, leather-operatives and kindred craftsmen went to work, cutting the skins into special shapes and stitching and sewing them into saddles, gloves, riding breeches, house slippers and ladies' handbags. S.S. men, it was revealed, valued tattoed skins highly.

Sometimes, with the supply of skin from dead men falling off, the leather-workers became idle. Whereupon their "needs" would be suggested to Dr. Rascher, and next day the autopsy department would be presented with the bodies of 20 or 30 young people, all healthy-skinned persons; a bullet hole neatly drilled in their neck was proof that their murderer had taken care, in killing them, not to spoil the covetable part of their skins. It was forbidden to cut up German inmates in this way. Poles, Russians and other Slav races sufficed.

A set of healthy teeth imperilled one also at Dachau. Orders would be received from the experimental station at Oranienburg, asking for skulls. Whereupon the S.S. men to whom these orders were given, replied, "We will try to get you some with good teeth." Then Dr. Blaha's department would receive a new supply of such heads. They had first to be boiled and their soft parts removed before dispatch to Oranienburg.

Polish, Czech and Dutch priests furnished the majority of victims for experiments in which 40 healthy prisoners were selected, 20 of whom were given intra-muscular injections and 20 intravenous injections of pus obtained from the bodies of diseased people.

Following the injection, the victims were denied any kind of treatment for three days. By that time their agony was intense. Their bodies, in most cases, were inflamed, and their blood-stream poisoned mortally. After the third day each group was divided into two groups of ten. One half then received chemical treatment with liquid and special pills. The other half were subjected to specialized treatment with sulfanamide, and surgical operations sometimes carried so far as to lead to the amputation of all limbs.

Nor was the treatment by pills any less diabolical. For Dr. Blaha testified that in his post-mortem examinations he found perforations of the stomach walls due to the chemical of the pills, and everyone so affected must have died in unimaginable pain.

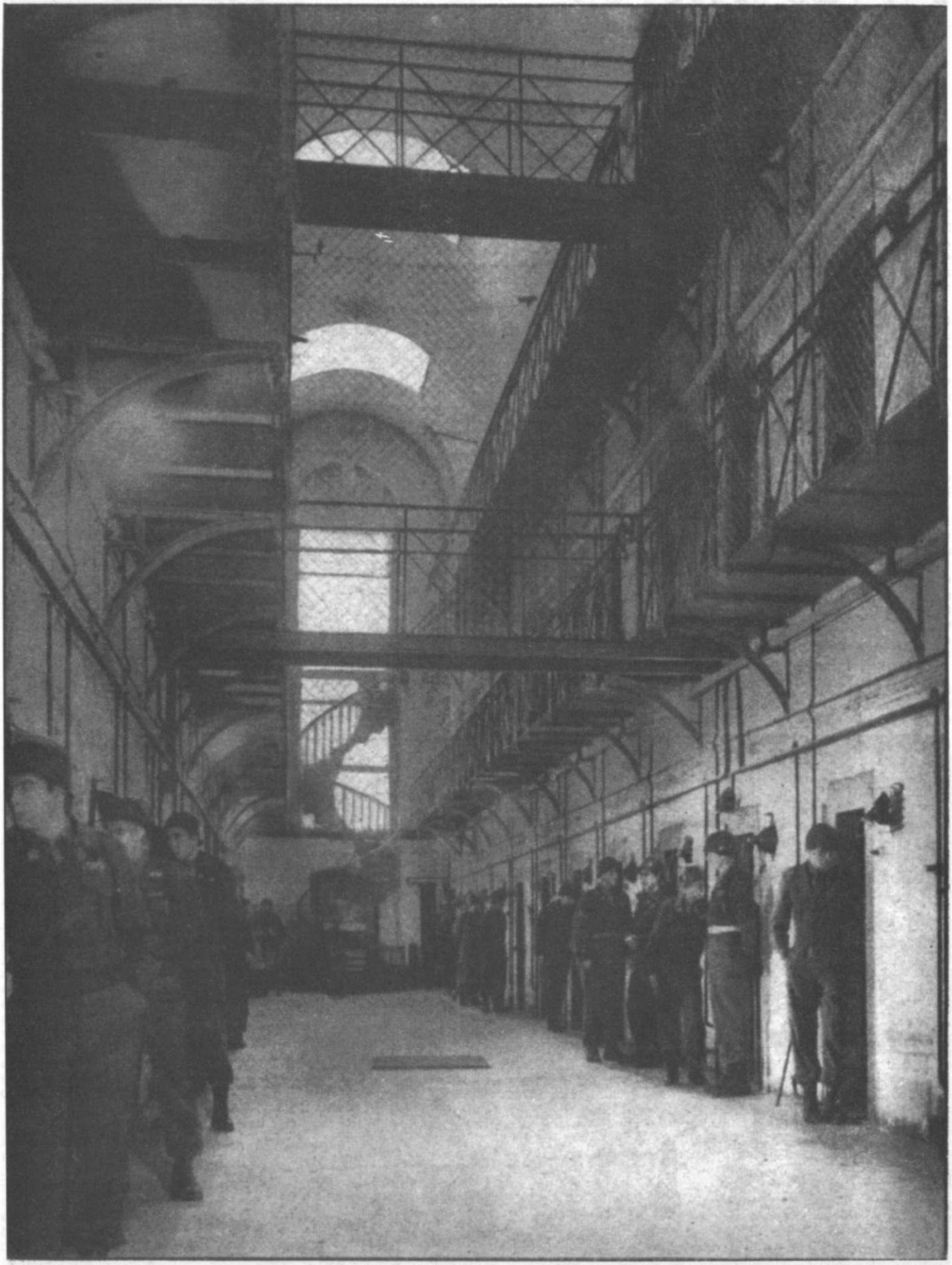
Injected With Malaria Germs

At the personal request of Reichsfuehrer S.S. Himmler, Dr. Klaus Schilling specialized in malarial researches and established a special clinic at Dachau hospital. Between 1941 and 1945 he forcibly treated about 1,200 prisoners. Most of them, I believe, were Russians who, of all nations, suffered the worst at this concentration camp. The victims so chosen were first either bitten by mosquitoes or injected with malaria sporozoites obtained from mosquitoes. Then, with the fever developing in them, Dr. Klaus Schilling had ample scope to study scientifically the effect of various antidotes such as antipyrin, quinine, pyramidon. The death roll here was considerable. Thirty to forty patients died from malaria. Others, enfeebled by their malaria attacks, became prone to diseases, particularly the rampant "hunger typhus," which either killed them direct or qualified them for admission to the "invalid blocks." A number were poisoned by overdoses of neosalvarsan and pyramidon.

With outstretched hand, the Czech doctor identified in court at the prosecutor's request from among the Nazi war-criminals two, Rosenberg and Frick, whom he remembered having seen at Dachau to carry out an inspection. Kaltenbrunner, Himmler's chief lieutenant, who as a sick man was absent from court, had been seen there, too, by the Czech doctor. Funk and Sauckel, two more defendants, will have to establish in their defence ignorance of conditions at Dachau. But those doctors—will retribution overtake them? It may be that their researches had some scientific value, but if Dr. Blaha's testimony be believed—and he is a surgeon of high qualifications—then these inhuman experimenters had not even the right to put forward the pretext of scientific research as an excuse for their cold-blooded murders.

IN reply to Monsieur Dubost, the French Prosecutor, who asked him if he knew the aim of the experiments the Czech doctor replied, "According to scientific rules, so far as I can judge, it had no purpose at all. It was simply a useless piece of murder, and one must be astounded that university professors and physicians were able to carry out these experiments in such a way. It was much worse than all the 'liquidations' and executions, because the victims of these experiments had their misery prolonged, by various medical means, so that the experiments might last longer and give the experimenters more time to observe their victims."

Anti-Suicide Guards are Alert at Nuremberg



AMERICAN GUARDS LOOK INTO THE CELLS housing the Nazi war-criminals at Nuremberg every thirty seconds, day and night, whilst these are occupied, as a precautionary measure against attempts at suicide. Other steps taken to prevent any of the prisoners following the example of Dr. Robert Ley, who hanged himself before the opening of the trial, include a daily search, and the removal of ties, belts and shoe-laces whenever the prisoners are returned to their cells. See also illus. pages 559-562.

Photos, New York Times Photos

I Was There!

Eye Witness Stories of the War and After

My Last Moments in H.M.S. Prince of Wales

On November 30, 1941, Prince of Wales slid into Singapore Harbour, eagerly watched and cheered by excited crowds. A few days later, riven by torpedoes and bombs, she rolled over and disappeared into the grey waters of the China Sea—her audience then the Jap airmen circling above. The tragic story is told specially for "The War Illustrated" by one of the survivors, Surgeon Lieut.-Commander E. D. Caldwell, R.N.

SURGEON LT.-CMDR. E. D. CALDWELL, R.N., was in charge of upper deck casualties when the end came to H.M.S. Prince of Wales.

WE had left suddenly for a secret destination in October 1941, sped out and south to Capetown, where secrecy broke and newspaper headlines flared the news "Britain's Newest Battleship for Singapore." Urgency was apparent then in our speed across the Indian Ocean into Colombo, out again across the Bay of Bengal, and finally into the narrow, green-banked waters of the Straits.

When we arrived, Singapore was gay, brightly lit and, on the surface at any rate, confident that the advent of the Eastern Fleet would counteract and lull the insistent sabre-rattling of the Japanese war-lords. The night after our arrival a party was given in our honour. Friends were made, and future plans discussed of meetings, of tennis and golf; but these were not to be, for early the following day all leave was stopped.

It was about 3.30 a.m. on the fateful Sunday morning of December 7, when I awoke hearing "Action Stations" shouted and sounded off on the ship's loudspeakers. As I reluctantly got up and dressed I thought it was only an exercise, but on arriving at my action station on the bridge I quickly realized from the general atmosphere of tenseness that this was not the case; and on questioning someone I was told that several almost certainly hostile aircraft were reported flying in towards Singapore. The first grey light of dawn was just visible as we stood there—whispering, waiting.

Suddenly someone shouted "Look!" and pointed. There, far away and very high over Singapore itself, just dots moving in a searchlight beam, were several aircraft. I watched them, fascinated. We knew now they were Japs, and as I looked I thought, "What everyone hoped and prayed would not happen is about to happen now, for just as soon as they drop a bomb, or we fire a gun, it's another war to spread misery, death and destruction." Even as I thought this, I heard the crump-crump of bombs, answered almost instantaneously by the flaming roar of our guns. So it had happened!

Later, as we gathered round a crackling, oscillating wireless set in the wardroom, we heard of the fury and treachery of the Japanese stroke, of Pearl Harbour, of battered ships and airfields. And I think most of us felt, "Well, the Americans are in! It's round one to the Japs—but now they'll get it!"

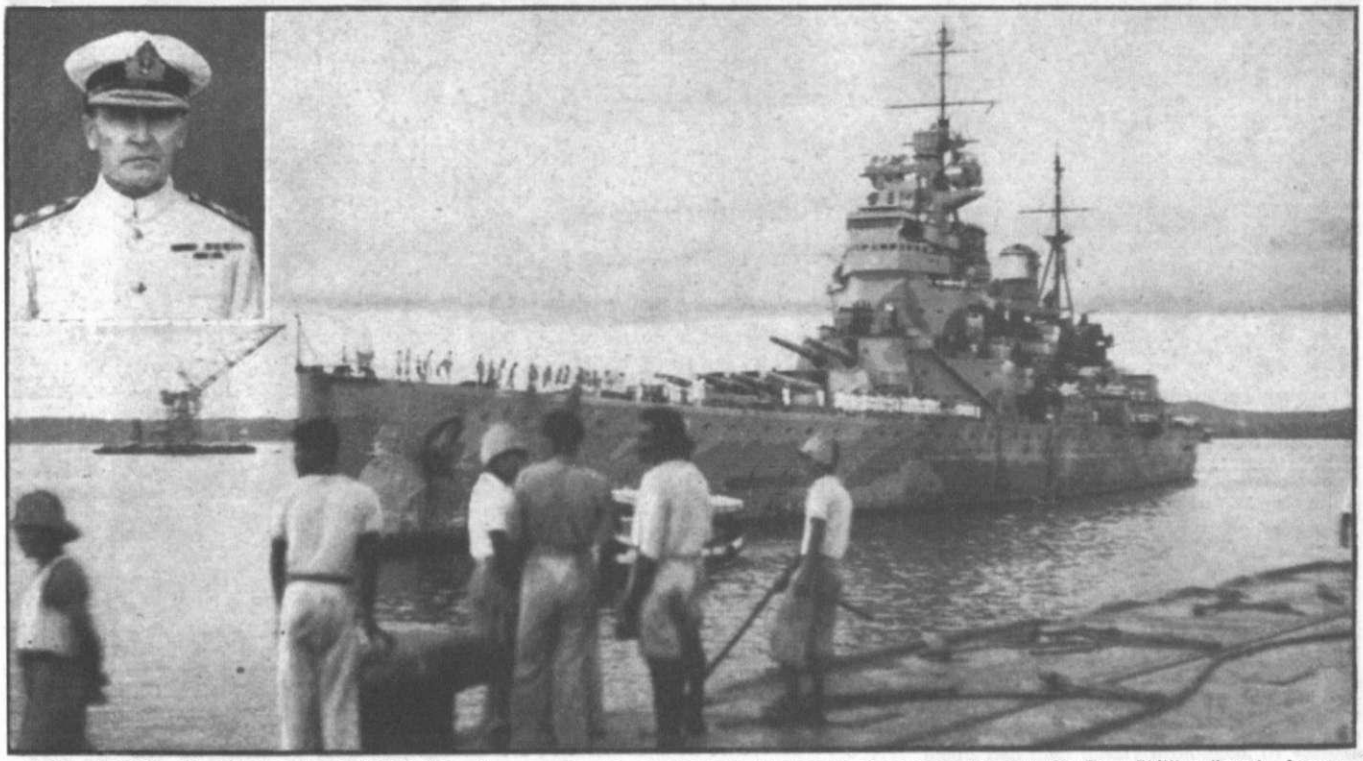
We Were to Attack at Dawn

Gradually we began to get news of the locust-like infiltration of the Japs through Indo-China, of convoys moving south, of landings and fighting in the northern tip of Malaya. Late on the afternoon of December 8 we heard the orders we were all expecting, and as the Prince of Wales, followed by H.M.S. Repulse, led out to sea, to whatever was in store for us, we were proud of her—powerful, sombre and sinister.

I experienced that tense awareness of one's heart beating; that rather pleasurable, bittersweet enjoyment—I wonder is it pleasure? It's difficult to say, for I am quite sure no man gets any kick out of being shelled or bombed. I certainly don't, but I do know that these occasions give you an intense comradeship with your shipmates, and a rather selfless exaltation which appears to be pleasurable.

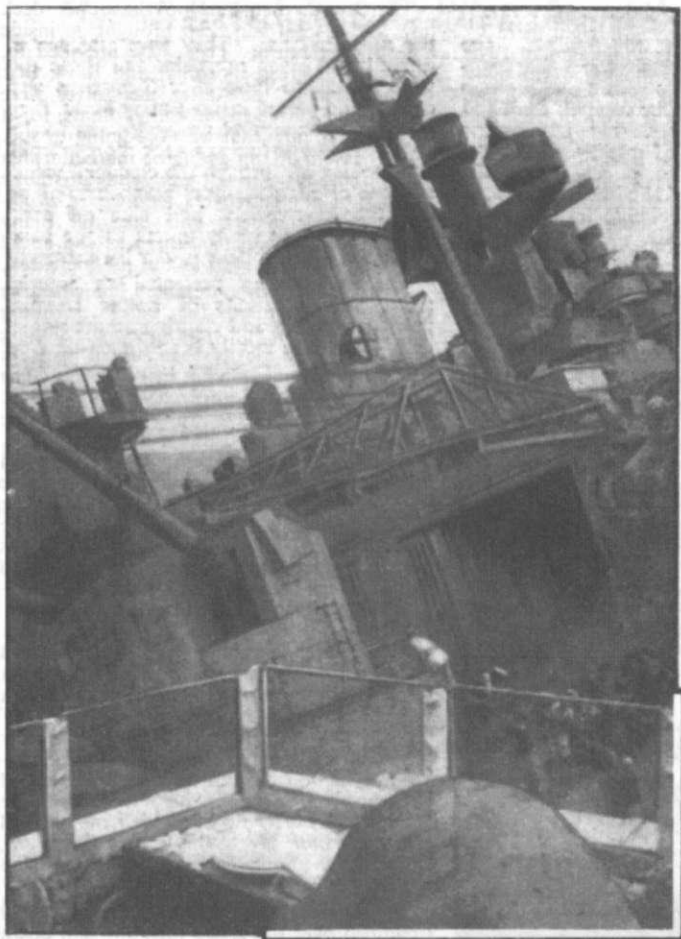
We went to routine Dusk Action Stations and then many of us stood on deck talking long after darkness had fallen. Where were we going? What was ahead of us? How did the Japs fight? Were they truly fanatical? Did they make suicidal attacks? (I recalled the last time I personally had seen a Jap—he was playing snooker at Edinburgh.) I talked to an old friend of mine who had joined the ship at Singapore, and we watched the escorting destroyers winking a few signals at us, then went through the screen into the bright, chattering wardroom for a drink.

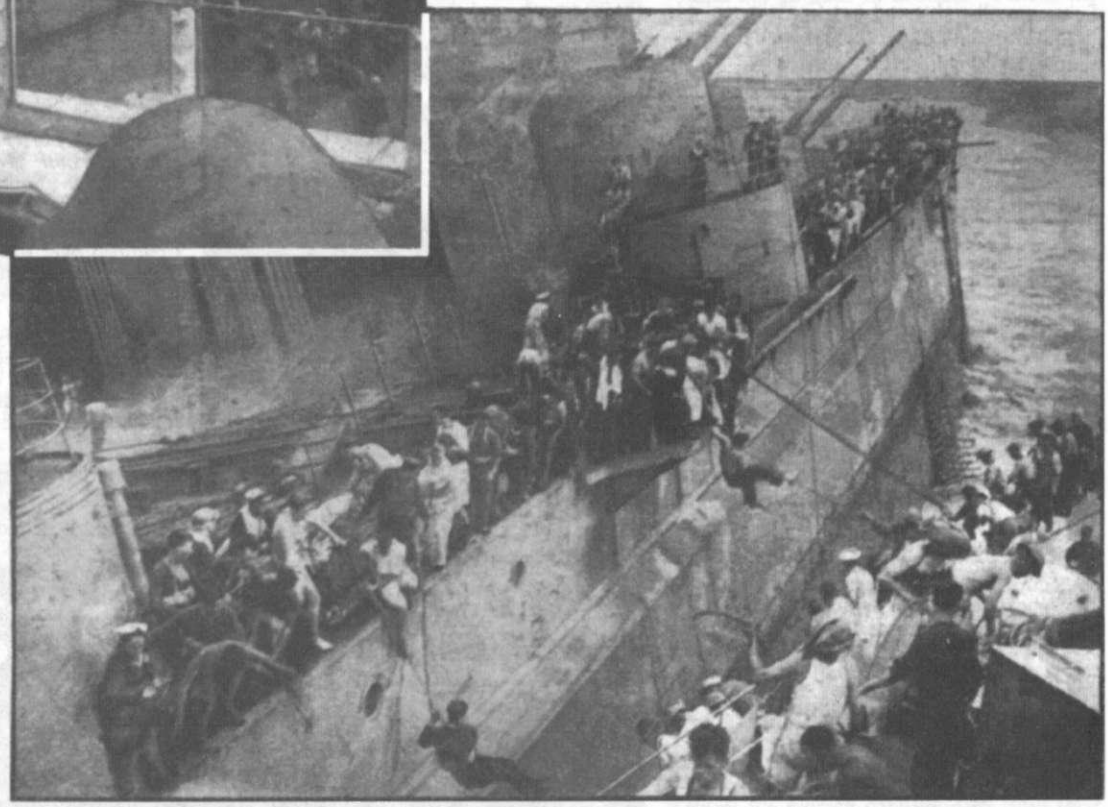
Later there was a sudden silence, then the loudspeaker buzzed into activity. The Captain was going to talk to the ship's company. His well-known voice began: there was a convoy of Jap ships unloading men and material in a bay in North Malaya. They were escorted by at least two battleships, half a dozen cruisers, and many destroyers. We were going in to attack them at dawn on



H.M.S. PRINCE OF WALES AT SINGAPORE. She was Flagship of the C.-in.-C. Eastern Fleet, Rear-Admiral Sir Tom Phillips (inset). It was from here, accompanied by H.M.S. Repulse, that she left on her ill-fated mission—primarily to intercept Japanese transports. Without fighter escort, both ships met the full fury of Japanese air attacks and, as told in these pages by a survivor, were sunk on December 10, 1941, Sir Tom Phillips going down with his ship, of which this is probably the last photograph to be taken.

Photo, British Official





LISTING HEAVILY the Prince of Wales (left) is nearing the end. Members of the crew await their turn to slide down ropes to the safety of a destroyer (below). Of a total of 2,925 carried in the Prince of Wales and the Repulse 2,330 were saved.

Photos, Associated Press

the 10th. We had the vital element of surprise, we could do great damage, we would have to be prepared for quick retaliation and subsequent heavy aerial attack by the enemy.

Well, that was it. Someone said he'd heard the names of the enemy battleships, and this caused a run on "Jane's Fighting Ships." How many guns? What size? What have their cruisers got? We steamed northward, well out to sea, in cloudy, poor visibility, admirable for our purpose. Unfortunately, about an hour before the onset of darkness the clouds lifted, the sky cleared and shortly afterwards the news flashed round the ship that a Japanese float-plane had been spotted far off on the horizon and was quite obviously shadowing us and relaying details of our course and disposition.

We stood on the upper deck and watched it in the now fading light. Our 5·25 in. guns traversed silently and menacingly, but the range was too great and, alas, we had no fighter aircraft available. We could well imagine the excitement, the conjectures, and of course the preparations the Japanese airman's radio messages would arouse at his base. And we cursed the fact that sheer chance had revealed us in that short, clear period before darkness fell.

We were to be at our action stations all night then, and I wandered into the wardroom for supper, by now a bleak, comfortless wardroom, with pictures, books and trophies taken down and all movable objects firmly lashed, in the usual preparations for impending action. There was a cold, uninteresting help-yourself supper, the stewards and attendants being already employed on their various jobs in gun turrets, ammunition hoists and shell rooms.

I didn't feel hungry. But I thought what a curse a vivid imagination could be, and wished we could hurry up and get on with it. Everyone seemed rather quiet. I went down to my cabin, put on some warm clothing and stuffed some chocolate, a torch, a hypodermic syringe and a packet of tie-on casualty labels into my pockets, adjusted my uninflated lifebelt round my waist, and went out, taking a last look at my cabin with all its personal belongings and wondering vaguely, "What the hell will you look like this time tomorrow?"

My action station was on the Signal Deck on the bridge. I had first-aid outfits and bamboo stretchers stored there, and a telephone communicating with the other between-deck Medical Stations. I stood there for a long time, just leaning over the bridge, looking down at the dark sea with the foam creaming its way aft on our bow wave, not thinking of anything much, and occasionally drifting in and out of the upper conning tower where we could smoke and just distinguish forms to talk to in the eerie blue light. I sat on the deck and, leaning against a stretcher, dozed and woke and dozed again.

Then somebody shook me and said, "There's a broadcast just coming through!" It was from Admiral Phillips, telling us he had reluctantly decided to cancel our dawn attack. He knew how disappointed we'd all be, but unpleasant preparations for our reception would be too great to justify our going in, and we were now to alter course and turn south—that was all. I didn't quite know whether I was a bit relieved or disappointed; but I did think that it must have been a hard and also a brave decision to make.

NEXT morning as we steamed south we received news of suspected Japanese landings farther down the Malayan coast, and a destroyer was sent in to have a "look see," our aircraft also being catapulted off the ship on reconnaissance. However, nothing was found. The morning wore on. Suddenly, about 11.20 a.m., we resumed first degree of readiness, and shortly afterwards, echoing over all the ship's loudspeakers, came that harsh and insistent bugle call "Repel Aircraft!" Galvanic in its effects on everyone and dramatic in its results! Every man has his post of duty and gets there by the shortest and quickest route, probably plugging cotton-wool in his ears and jamming on his tin helmet as he runs.

We were steaming very fast now, Repulse and ourselves with our destroyers spread out well ahead of us, and suddenly I saw puffs of smoke coming from one of them. She had opened fire. Looking for the puffs in the sky I saw more and more Jap planes, and our guns started up. A signalman shouted "Look at that So-and-So coming in at us!"

I saw a heavy, twin-engined bomber fairly low over the water, coming straight in at us. The noise was unbelievable, the roar of all our 5·25 in. armament, the cracking detonation of Oerlikons and Bofors and the chattering.

ear-splitting rhythm of the multipic pom-poms. They rose through a frenzied crescendo as the bomber approached. I watched him get nearer and nearer, bigger and bigger. I was fascinated, and kept thinking " We must get him, we must get him ! " Then I saw his torpedo fall from the belly of his plane, splash into the sea, and its tell-tale line of bubbles heading for us.

Simultaneously the ship swung round to port to avoid its track, and I found myself holding my breath and gripping the rail like a vice as the torpedo passed harmlessly on its way. They were attacking us from high level, too, and a stick of bombs came screaming down ahead of us, throwing up huge pillars of water as they exploded in the sea. We avoided another two torpedo attacks on our starboard side, and as the second plane banked away there was a cheer from the guns' crews—or rather a roar—as smoke and flames began to pour from it, and then like a great flaming newspaper it dropped lower and lower till it hit the sea and disappeared. A huge oily column of smoke marked its end.

We saw another dark plume of smoke rising from the sea three or four miles astern. It was certainly nice to know that anything crashing into the sea was Japanese. Then there was a slight lull. So far, so good. We sent a signal to H.M.S. Repulse asking her if she was all right, and her Captain replied, " Yes, have already avoided 19 torpedoes." I had not time to finish the cigarette I had lit, when " Repel Aircraft " sounded off, and I saw more aircraft heading in our direction. The guns roared again and I heard a shout : " They've hit Repulse ! " I looked across and saw smoke and flames rising from her amidships. It gives you a nasty jolt to see another ship hit. I went to the intercommunicating telephone to tell the others down below, and as I clicked the receiver on there was a dull, heavy, shuddering explosion.

THE 35,000 tons of Prince of Wales lifted and settled with a slight list—a horrid, sickening feeling. Verbal comment seemed superfluous. A young Marine standing near me said, " W-was that a t-torpedo ? " and started, quite automatically I'm sure, blowing up the inflator on his air belt. Our speed dropped. The whole set-up was changing and I didn't feel awfully happy. I wondered how the medical parties between decks were getting on. The indescribable din continued. Repulse had been torpedoed two or three times now and was travelling very slowly, listing badly, and on fire, but her guns still flashed defiantly. As I watched her there was another heavy, sickening jolt—it's hard to describe—like a sudden earth tremor, I imagine. Another torpedo struck us and a huge cascade of water drenched us on the bridge. I went into the upper conning position to use the phone and find out if I was wanted below, but it was out of order.

My job was upper deck casualties, so up till now I'd nothing to do but watch it all happening. The Commander came scrambling up a ladder, said " All right here ? " and gave us his grand, tough smile. The ship shook to another explosion. The high-level bombers had hit us with a heavy bomb which crashed through the catapult deck and exploded between decks. My impressions after this were a jumbled medley. I saw the battered Repulse hit again and again, list over more and more and slip below the water, leaving hundreds of bobbing heads, boats, Carley floats and debris.

I SAW the track of a torpedo approaching, and realized that in our crippled condition it was going to hit us. It seemed a horrid inevitability waiting for the explosion that followed. I thought if only it was going to get dark soon we might escape, but it was only midday. We gave a great lurch again as the torpedo tore into us. We were now practically stationary and listing heavily to port.

I realized that we could not last much longer and had a sudden vivid flash-back of our short-lived but exciting commission—10 months full of incident, full of high lights. His Majesty the King coming on board ; the Bismarck action, with H.M.S. Hood blowing up and sinking just ahead of us ; the thrill of taking Winston Churchill across for the Atlantic Charter ; his meeting on board with the American President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and these two great men in our wardroom ; grimmer memories of fighting, escorting a convoy to Malta, then the sudden trip out East to Singapore, to this.

There were casualties on the upper deck now and several had been brought up inside the superstructure. They were attended to, dressed and given morphia, and those that were unable to look after themselves were carried and placed inside Carley floats, for it was obvious now that we were going to sink soon. I went up top again for more morphia and looking aft through the clouds of smoke saw one of our destroyers manoeuvre alongside the quarter-deck and take off many wounded and as many others as she could manage. She slid clear as our list increased.

The foc's'le now presented an amazing sight, with hundreds of sailors standing placidly smoking and chatting on the sloping deck—they had mostly been driven up from below by the encroaching, rising water. The guns' crews on the upper deck were still at their posts, and there was nothing for the remainder to do but wait for the ship to sink. We enlisted several of them into stretcher and first-aid parties for the wounded. Someone told us there was a man with a broken leg lying in one of the compartments. We tended him, launched him and two of his pals in a float into the sea, now lapping all along the port side of the foc's'le.

I Dived Into the Oily Water

Men started climbing over the rails, and diving and jumping 30 or 40 feet into the sea below ; but " diving " off the high side of a sinking ship is a euphemism ! I took off my cap and my shoes and looked carefully round for somewhere to put them (an extraordinary action which I have read and heard of other people doing). I stood for a minute in the orderly crowd waiting their chance, and heard a sailor say to his pal, " Come on, chum, all them explosions'll have frightened the blinkin' sharks away."

The ship was heeling over more now, and I climbed over the guard rails and slid down to a projection on the ship's side. I stood there and looked down on dozens of heads, arms, and legs in the water, still far below. Then I said to myself, " Please God, don't let me be drowned ! " took a deep breath, and dived into the oily water.

A few minutes later H.M.S. Prince of Wales rolled over, her bows rose in the air, and she slipped out of sight beneath the waves.

CONTROL ROOM OF THE PRINCE OF WALES, a masterpiece of mechanical efficiency, where the Chief Engineer was kept informed of what took place in any part of the ship. After the tragedy, black specks of bobbing heads are seen in the water (left) as survivors struggle towards boats and a destroyer. *Photos, Admiralty, Associated Press*

How I Saved R.A.F. Pilots from the Gestapo

Decorated by His Majesty King George VI on February 13, 1946, Mlle. Andrée de Jongh, G.M., 25-year-old Belgian girl, was instrumental in arranging the evacuation of Allied service personnel who were stranded in enemy-occupied territory in Western Europe. Here is her remarkable story, as told in an interview with The News of the World special correspondent. See also portrait in page 705.

WHEN my country went to war with Germany I was able to help in a Brussels hospital, as I had studied nursing at evening classes. After the Nazis overran Belgium we soon learned something of the misery of life in occupied territory.

In the hospital I met many wounded soldiers, some Belgian, others French and English, and it was always in my mind that I could do something to help them. But the hospital was under German control. Regulations were severe, and to have helped a wounded man to escape would have meant compromising the whole of the staff.

Each day as I left the hospital and walked to my home to see my parents I read the notices posted on the walls in the streets :

"*ANYONE FOUND AIDING THE ALLIES WILL BE SHOT.*"

But still I knew that I must do something to help. My first chance came by accident. I discovered that my own sister was one of a group of patriots, working underground.

I BEGGED her to give me work to do, and in October 1940 I was asked to obtain information about military traffic in Brussels. But I failed. The information I passed on was not what was needed. Then the hospital was closed down, and through a friend I got in touch with patriots who were hiding British troops. I was asked to get food for them, but again I knew the bitterness of defeat. Obtaining extra food was a hopeless task.

But events moved swiftly. Early in 1941 the Gestapo swooped. Many of my compatriots were thrown into prison and shot. One day I found that I was left working alone with one other friend. We planned our next move together. He knew the South of France well, and thought we could get soldiers to safety by taking them out of that country and into Spain.

The risks, we knew, would be great. But the route to the South of France and Spain was the only one still open. The Germans appreciated this, too, and they patrolled the border between Occupied France and Vichy France, helped by Alsatian dogs and mounted police. But it was worth trying. My friend went off to Bayonne to explore the route, while I was left to think out the problem of obtaining money.

Non-Swimmers Towed to Safety

It was then that I took my first great risk. I decided to go and see the manager of one of our biggest Belgian banks. I knew that if he were not with us arrest was certain. I went alone and talked to him. To my joy he was sympathetic and made available all the money I needed. Afterwards I learned that this was planned with the help of the Belgian Government in London. Messages in code, broadcast by the B.B.C., told the banks that amounts paid out would be placed to their credit in London.

In the meantime, my friend was back from Bayonne. The route was possible, and halting places had been arranged. All was now ready for our first convoy. In July 1941 the first venture was made. My friend and I collected eleven Belgian soldiers, and set off on our journey of nearly 1,500 miles. All had been provided with money and false identity cards. We wore civilian clothes, and travelled openly by day in little groups.

Our plan was simple. Along the route was a series of halting places, and at each we had an agent. One agent passed the escaping party on to the next. We knew, for instance, that we must find the priest in the village of X and give him the password. People in all walks of life were helping us ; sometimes a doctor, maybe a greengrocer, or some simple person the Nazis were least likely to suspect. The orders for each day were short. "Go to the cobbler in ———. The password is 'Swallows.'"

All went well and we crossed the River Somme at night in a rowing boat. More than 800 miles to go, but we finally reached our last halting place at Bayonne. Here Spanish smugglers took over and guided the party over the mountains into Spain. The price was £20 a head. My second party was three British soldiers and six Belgian pilots. All went well till we reached the Somme.

To my dismay the boat was gone ; we must be suspected. There was no going

back ; the only way was to swim the river. How many of us could swim ? Five. What was going to happen to the other six ? Luck was with us, for we found an old motor tire which, inflated, would act as a lifebelt. It worked. Silently, in the darkness, we undressed. First the swimmers slipped into the water and, with bundles of clothes on our heads, we went across to the other bank.

There was not a sound. I swam back again, and one by one we towed the non-swimmers to safety. We dried ourselves as best we could, dressed, and held a council of war. Evidently the Gestapo were after us. We decided to split into two parties. My friend took the six Belgians, and I went on with the three British, arranging to meet again near Paris.

We waited at the meeting place for some days, but the other party did not arrive, and I carried on alone. Later I learned that one of the men we thought to be a Belgian pilot was a traitor. He waited his chance and denounced my friend and his comrades to the Gestapo. Disappointment awaited me at the Pyrenees. My contact explained there was great difficulty in getting the British through Spain, but on the other side of the mountains was a British Intelligence officer who was waiting to arrange the escape route.

I set out with a Spanish smuggler to find him. The first night we walked for eight hours and then hid in a wood until darkness fell. The next night we walked for 12 hours, and when the morning came we were on Spanish soil. It was an exhausting journey up the rough mountain paths, struggling on hour after hour, fearful lest we should be ambushed, and ready at all times to dash away into the darkness.

Later I got to know that journey well, for I made it 34 times, sometimes in bitter weather and the snow up to our knees. Once we were ambushed by frontier guards, but got away. Each time we crossed the Bidassoa, which in mid-winter was a raging torrent. I met the British Intelligence officer, and for three weeks we planned the escape route. When it was done I set out on my return journey alone.

My Father Paid With His Life

With the help of the stars and a compass I kept to my path. In Paris I sent a message to my father. Quickly news came back to me. The Gestapo had arrested my mother and sister and were holding them as hostages. I could not go back to Brussels. I made my headquarters in France, and parties to be taken over the frontier were brought to me.

The work went on, but at length my father was caught, and paid with his life for the part he played. In 1942 the R.A.F. were making their big raids on Germany, and numbers of pilots were brought down in occupied territory. We knew that we must organize their escape. Bombers, using the shortest route in and out of Germany, were mostly brought down in one strip of country, which to us became known as Death Valley.

MORE than 400,000 men and women were brought into our organization—priests, teachers, doctors, peasants—there was room for them all. A baron organized them into groups of beaters, and each night they went out into Death Valley to find the British pilots. It was a race to get to them before they were caught by the Gestapo. The organization met with great success, but alas, the brave baron, a distinguished Luxemburg banker, was caught and executed.

For a year and a half I carried on, but then I was forced by exhaustion to hand over to another. At long last my good luck failed me. On January 13, 1943, when near the frontier, a Spanish smuggler denounced me to the Gestapo. I was taken back to Bayonne, and afterwards I spent four months in solitary confinement in various French and Belgian prisons.

Later, with thousands of others, I was to know the horror of the concentration camp at Ravensbrueck. Here two out of every three of the women captives died from their experiences. But liberation came, and once more we breathe the blessed air of freedom.

★—As The Years Went By—Notable Days in the War—★

1940

March 13. *Hostilities ended in Russo-Finnish war ; armistice signed in Moscow on March 12.*

1941

March 4. *British naval raid on Lofoten Is.*
March 11. *Lease-Lend Bill passed by U.S. House of Representatives and signed by Roosevelt.*
March 13. *First of two successive night bombing attacks on Glasgow and Clydebank.*

1942

March 3. *Japanese air raids on Broome and Wyndham in Western Australia.*
March 6. *Japanese entered Batavia, Java.*
March 8. *Rangoon occupied by Japanese.*

1943

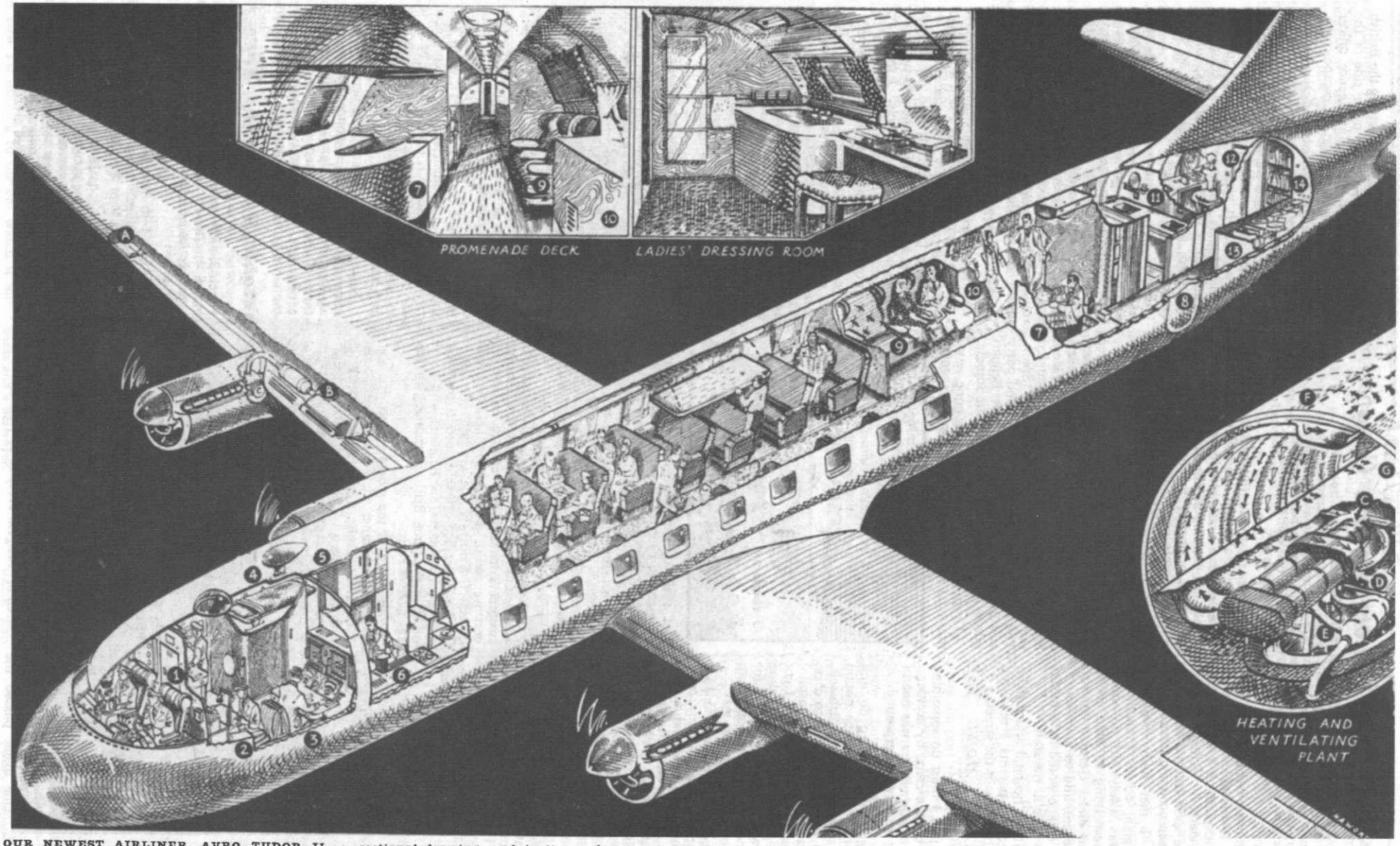
March 3. *Rzhev stormed by Red Army troops.*
March 4. *Two-day battle of Bismarck Sea ended ; Japanese convoy sunk by Allies.*

1944

March 14. *14th Army across Chindwin River.*
March 15. *Allied air forces dropped 1,400 tons of bombs on town of Cassino, Italy.*

1945

March 6. *Cologne occupied by U.S. 1st Army.*
March 7. *Americans crossed Rhine at Remagen.*
March 14. *First of new ten-ton bombs dropped by R.A.F. on Bielefeld railway viaducts.*
March 15. *U.S. flag hoisted over Iwojima.*



OUR NEWEST AIRLINER, AVRO TUDOR II, built by A. V. Roe & Co., who produced the Lancaster bomber, has a wing-span of 120 feet and a length of 105 feet. Weighing 34 tons, it is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines and cost about £100,000 to build. Incorporated in it are the latest developments in navigational instruments, including radar, and the needs of passengers have received particular attention. Special facilities were given by the manufacturers for our artist, Haworth, to make this sectional drawing, and in it are detailed most of the aircraft's outstanding features.

The flight deck houses the crew; positions are shown of the captain, who is also chief pilot (1), and (next to him) the first officer and the navigator (2). Across the gangway is the engineer at his control panel. Radio officer (3), crew's rest room (4). Metal grille of safe for important articles and mail (5). Steward in the galley (6).

The main cabin accommodates 40 day or 22 night passengers. An alternative type accommodates 60 day passengers. Seats are adjustable to the upright position, and folding bunks are featured: one is seen being lowered into position. The promenade deck is furnished with a cocktail bar (7). Inset is a view through the entrance door (8), showing a settee (9) convertible into a bunk, and (10) a twin bunk folding cabinet. A well-appointed dressing-room for men (11), and the ladies' dressing-room (12) also shown in detail (inset). Baggage compartments (13 and 14). The hull of the aircraft is pressurized for high altitude flying, and by means of air-conditioning plant fresh air is constantly circulated throughout the plane.

Air is drawn into the wing and filtered at (A), cooled at (B) and circulated through the plant (inset). Used air is recirculated by mears of the fan (C), in conjunction with the mechanisms (D) and (E), which add fresh air and heat respectively before distributing it through the duct (F), and finally through the grilles (G) near each seat. See also facing page.

Blazing New Trails for Air Travel

By CAPTAIN
NORMAN MACMILLAN
M.C., A.F.C.

BEFORE the War, British airliners carried flight stewards on the Continental and trunk routes, to prepare and serve the meals and generally look after passengers' comfort. Lufthansa, flying between London and Berlin, did not trouble about meals en route. For the Germans it was good enough if the passengers could snatch a hasty meal at the trim, clean restaurant at Amsterdam's airport. But Swissair, on the four hours' trip between London and Geneva, flown non-stop, carried air hostesses instead of the stewards of staid Imperial Airways.

Air hostesses were first employed on the American domestic airlines. The scheme was initiated, I think, with the idea that smart girls would give the timid passengers more confidence in flying, in the days when flying was less common than it is today. And as Swissair used American airliners it was appropriate that the air hostess idea should also be adopted, and very efficiently the Swiss girls carried out their duties. They were multi-lingual, and equally at home in Paris, London, Copenhagen or Berlin.

British South American Airlines has adopted the air hostess for the glamorous run to the River Plate. When the Lancastrian "Star Light" took off from Heathrow airport on January 1, 1946, for the first exploratory flight, with Air Vice-Marshal Donald C. T. Bennett in command, there were eighteen persons aboard, including the crew. And the crew included 24-years-old hostess Mary Guthrie, flying in the role of first transoceanic air hostess, the only woman on board. Her war career had led her to this new one. First a V.A.D. nurse attached to the R.A.F. Nursing Service, then a pilot, ferrying aircraft with Air Transport Auxiliary, and now pioneer of a new job for British women, with ports of call at Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and, in future, Santiago de Chile, all cities of Portuguese and Spanish origin and unrationed luxury.

LANCASTER Bomber Conversion for Temporary Airline Development

Fifteen days were spent on this first proving trip for the latest of Britain's intercontinental airlines. But the "Star Light" cruised at four miles a minute, and took only 28 hours 18 minutes in the air to reach Buenos Aires from Heathrow. Most of the time was spent at Montevideo and Buenos Aires in organizational work for the future of the line. (See illus. in pages 636, 640.)

It is strange to recall that, before the War, Britain had no airline flying to South America, and indeed had no aircraft suitable for this purpose. It was intended to interconnect Britain with Latin South America some day, but the date was never specified. War development of aircraft was so swift that it became possible to prepare for the opening of this route before the War was over. But it must be remembered that the Lancastrian is only a stop-gap plane, a conversion of the Lancaster bomber to temporary use for airline development. It has brought Sydney and London to a space-time of only 63 hours, but it does not carry many passengers. (See illus. pages 481, 504.)

Already the British aircraft industry is hard at work on various airliners designed expressly for civilian use, among them the Vickers Viking, De Havilland Dove, Handley Page Hermes and Avro Tudor. There are two versions of the Tudor, and recently A. V. Roe & Co., Ltd., their manufacturers, kindly gave facilities for WAR ILLUSTRATED'S artist to execute the drawings of the larger type—the Avro Tudor II—which are reproduced in the opposite page.

Seventy-nine of these aircraft have been ordered for use on the England-Australia, England-South Africa, and England-South America routes.

The most modern long-range airliner actually in service today is the Constellation, and British Overseas Airways are to purchase a number of these American craft for the trans-Atlantic service, an unpopular move in British industrial aviation circles, but one without immediate alternative save the operation of services less efficient than those of American airlines. Disadvantages, of course, are apparent in the dollar cost of the aircraft

MISS M. S. GUTHRIE, hostess of the Lancastrian airliner "Star Light," at Heathrow Airport, London, before its flight to South America. *Photo, P.A.-Reuter*

and the training of the aircrews; but there will be value in the experience of operating these latest American aircraft while our own types are under construction.

The significance of the Constellation to airline operation is easily shown by what these aircraft have already done and are scheduled to do. One broke the U.S.A. transcontinental commercial flight record on February 3 by flying 2,490 miles non-stop from Burbank, California, to La Guardia airfield, New York, in just under seven hours and a half with 45 passengers and a crew of seven. On February 6 the Constellation "Star of Paris," belonging to Transcontinental Western Airways, arrived at Paris from Washington with 35 passengers, making the first regular flight between the U.S. and French capitals. Carrying 30 passengers in bunks they will cut Pan-American Airways' time of flight between San Francisco and Sydney to 30 hours.

The economical cruising speed of the Constellation is 250 m.p.h. and the high cruising speed 280 m.p.h. They can fly at the lower speed from Rineanna (Eire) to Gander (Newfoundland) in 10 hours against a 50 m.p.h. wind, and maintain a schedule of 17 hours between London and New York, and 12 hours between New York and London. They have already flown from Gander to Rineanna in 6 hours 36 minutes, New York to Lisbon in 10½ hours, and New York to Hurn (Hampshire) in 12 hours 9 minutes.

When they travel at 19,000 feet their passenger cabins are pressurized to an artificial level of 6,000 feet, and so, without any discomfort to the passengers, they can travel safely above the height of dangerous conditions where wings are liable to lose their lift through distortion of the airflow caused by ice forming on them, and where engines may lose their power because ice forms within the air intakes. And a high safety factor is assured when cruising at 250 m.p.h., because the four engines need be driven at only 57 per cent of their maximum power to attain this speed.

The older American airliners cannot equal the Constellations, as is shown by the Douglas DC-4 that inaugurated American Overseas Airlines service between America and Scandinavia. En route to Stockholm, this aircraft took 22 hours to reach Copenhagen from Gander. Yet American contact with the times is shown by Pan-American Airways giving cinema shows in its DC-4s, with a silver screen fitted against the bulkhead of the flight deck illuminated by a special type of light-weight projector.

BRITISH Jet-Engined Passenger Aircraft for Atlantic Crossing

It is probable that it will take Britain another two or three strenuous years to make up the leeway, lost by the War, in her development of civil transport aircraft. But it is thought that when she does so she will be first in the field with jet-engined passenger aircraft capable of traversing the Atlantic. This would be a fair reward for all the development work in jet-planes that Britain has undertaken, and the results of which she has so freely given to America as an ally during the War. But I cannot see that the British aircraft industry has any right to suggest holding back the operational development of commercial air routes during the intervening period because it cannot now deliver aircraft with the same characteristics as the Constellation.

There must be recurrent periods of swifter development of some branches of aviation, now in one country, again in another. The British aircraft industry cannot hope to be in the van of every production development every time; and if there comes a period when it is not ahead, should British operators be handicapped because of it?

Quietly and without fuss the R.A.F. Lancaster "Aries" has made aeronautical history of a valuable navigational kind. First came her globe-circling flight, then the flights over the magnetic and geographic poles of the northern hemisphere, and more recently a record-breaking flight from England to Cape Town. It is certain that these flights are accomplished for special reasons, and have definite objects in view.

WHAT these are has not been disclosed, but it is not a difficult guess to make that they are connected with air mobility and operational efficiency of military air forces rather than development of air transport.

There is still much to be learned about navigational control in the areas of the world where it was not practised as highly as within the battle zones. And as the preventing of future war probably depends upon keeping the fighting elements out of the danger areas until they are actually required, the power of swift reinforcement by air becomes of greater importance than it ever was in the War just ended; and to that end a study of navigational geography and the behaviour of the latest navigational instruments used by aircraft has become a subject of profound technical necessity.

The Editor Looks Back

PITY THE OLD HORSE Apr. 27, 1940

I'm really sorry to see the old horse appearing again in London streets. With Dean Farrar I have always felt that Christianity, for all its humanitarian and ennobling teaching, has no satisfactory explanation of the life and death of the London draught horse. To see those dear old things straining under their loads with no hope of anything beyond a feed of hay and a few hours' leisure in their dark stalls has often given me an acute sense of pain. Their unrewarded suffering is a mystery beyond our solving. Forty years ago, when street traffic was more confused and ill-ordered than it is today, it was not uncommon to see some poor horse standing or lying in Fleet Street or Ludgate Hill with a broken leg or damaged fetlock awaiting the slaughterer. I rejoiced in the coming of motor traction and the horse's disappearance from the thronging City streets. And now they are back again in hundreds ; the first of living things that will be maimed and slaughtered when the bombers get through. I hate the thought. Farrar was right ; our philosophy has no word of comfort for the life of the van-horse in a crowded city. And these devoted servants of man are so absolutely beautiful

IN the present confusion of traffic in London, which we may hope is only temporary, the old horse is still in evidence ; and one has sometimes to bless it for holding up the endless stream of motor vehicles and giving one's car a chance—literally a "break"—when waiting to turn left or right. Doubtless we shall yet see much improvement in the organizing of central London's daily increasing traffic. There was a time in 1919 or the following year, before traffic lights had been devised, when road conditions were even worse than they are today. I remember that on more than one occasion then it took me about 25 minutes to drive my car from Charing Cross to Ludgate Circus!

CHAMBERLAIN GOES May 11, 1940

In the twinkling of an eye, Mr. Chamberlain's dignified demission and the instant coalescence of all political parties under the War leadership of Mr. Churchill seemed the most natural things to happen, and somehow divorced from party feeling. There are many who regret that the fates have not decreed that he who, more than any other man, saved our country at the moment of its greatest peril by a policy which, in very truth, did make Hitler " miss the bus," should have had the satisfaction of leading it to the victory in which all of us with any spirit or power of endurance so profoundly believe. But in Mr. Churchill we have the ideal War leader in whom energy, vision and experience unite to make a leader completely worthy of our confidence. The Carson-Asquith wrangle over Ireland had a good deal to do with the Kaiser's Germany deciding that the hour had struck . . . fools that they were. It looks to me that the political moves which led to Mr. Chamberlain's resignation—though I am certain he had no more loyal colleague than his successor—may have helped to decide Hitler, who knows little more about the British temperament than a Patagonian, to take the plunge. And, if that were so, events may yet prove that after all the Chamberlain crisis in the House was curiously opportune.

THIS judgement of mine at the critical moment six years ago will, I fancy, have fairly general endorsement today, where political bias does not intervene. My great regret is that political bias did intervene last year before our brilliant War leader had had the satisfaction of taking his proper place at the Peace Conference. I had hoped that party politics would have been kept out of the governance of the country at least till that crowning event. But I am a complete innocent so far as party politics are concerned.

STILL AN ISLAND! July 6, 1940

Britain is no longer an island we have been told times out of number by writers who like to make our flesh creep in picturing the possibilities of aerial destruction. But, believe me, Britain's hope and confidence reside today in the geographical fact that she *is* an island. The infamous—the almost incredible—French betrayal has brought the enemy's airports nearer to our shores. For it would be lunacy to regard France today as other than an enemy country, since the military poltroons and scoundrelly politicians who are temporarily in power there (if such a term can be applied to creatures who have sold their souls and their countrymen into Nazi slavery) will do just as their Nazi bosses tell 'em to. Thus those of us who have homes on the South Coast can look on clear days across the Channel to a land that teems with our implacable enemies, where once we had every right to suppose only friends held sway, and from these former airports of our treacherous ally it is a matter of minutes to launch attacks upon our shores, such as the futile bombing which I witnessed yesterday.

THAT bombing did not long continue to be " futile," as anyone could see even now who visits our South Coast resorts. But most of these are enjoying a return to prosperity, for after nearly six years without a sight of the sunny waters of the Channel, and longing for that exhilaration which is borne on the salty winds, inland dwellers are crowding in their thousands to the coast once more. Only the lack of labour due to tardy demobilizing is thwarting these towns from putting themselves in better shape to accommodate visitors and regain some portion of their lost revenues. But the fact remains that Britain is still *an island, and it was because of that that we have survived through every devilment invented for our destruction.*

THE FREE FRENCH July 13, 1940

A feeling of inexpressible sadness comes upon me when I see the fine young " matelots" of the French Navy wandering about the streets of London. It must be a terrible thing to be a sailor in a navy whose government has ratted upon its allies and has sought to hand over its splendid ships to the common enemy. For that is what the action of the traitorous Pétain-Laval junta amounts to. That they can still smile, these brave young sons of the France that was, is a proof that they have not lost heart and will yet bear their parts in voluntarily helping General de Gaulle and Admiral Muselier in the long fight which we must now envisage for victory of the France that is to be. I am sure that all Londoners who encounter these French sailors in their perambulations of our world-famed streets must have the same sort of pathetic admiration for them that I feel.

WHATEVER we may think of De Gaulle as a statesman, we can never forget —nor will History fail to remember—that the renascence of France would still have been a long way off had he not made the stand he did when he came to England to uphold the Tricolour (with the added Cross of Lorraine) as the rallying point of a Free France. It is a pity that De Gaulle lacks the personality which stirs the enthusiasm of the multitude, and the friendliness of those who come in close relations with him. I well remember him frequently lunching at the Savage Club, next door to the Free French H.Q. in Carlton House Terrace, and the air of unapproachability that seemed to envelop him at that very free-and-easy club. The Free French flag that was flying on the top of their building was so enormous that it might have been seen from a raiding plane thousands of feet up. As the neighbourhood was a favourite target for the daylight bombers, a much smaller flag was substituted for the outsize one. The whole of that historic terrace, however, suffered heavy damage, and on its frontage to the Mall it still shows its many wounds.

POSTSCRIPT

A FRIEND just home on a visit from Jerusalem was telling me the other day that his little daughter, aged four or five, has been singing a new version of an old hymn since Viscount Gort succeeded Sir Harold MacMichael as Governor :

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
Lord Gort made them all.

" THERE are as many newspapers and periodicals in the United States," I am informed by an American contemporary, " as in all other countries of the world combined, and with only about one-sixteenth of the population." Maybe. But how many of them enjoy one-tenth the reputation of The Times, The Daily Telegraph or The Manchester Guardian ?

BRITISH troops have been warned that a drink being sold to them in the Hamburg area was made from alcohol originally intended as fuel for V2 rockets. That our own troops have an expressive name for it I have no doubt. But what of the Germans ? Might I suggest " Anti-Red Biddy " ?

AFTER reading an account of an inter-Allied celebration of Burns Nicht in Nuremberg, I feel somewhat easier in my mind regarding the future of U.N.O. For, according to one report, " the Russian found the combination of haggis and whisky 'wonderful,' and eagerly discussed the possibility of a similar thirst-provoking dish to be coupled with vodka." If it's thirst they're after, I would recommend a visit just now to the home of both whisky and haggis: Scotland.

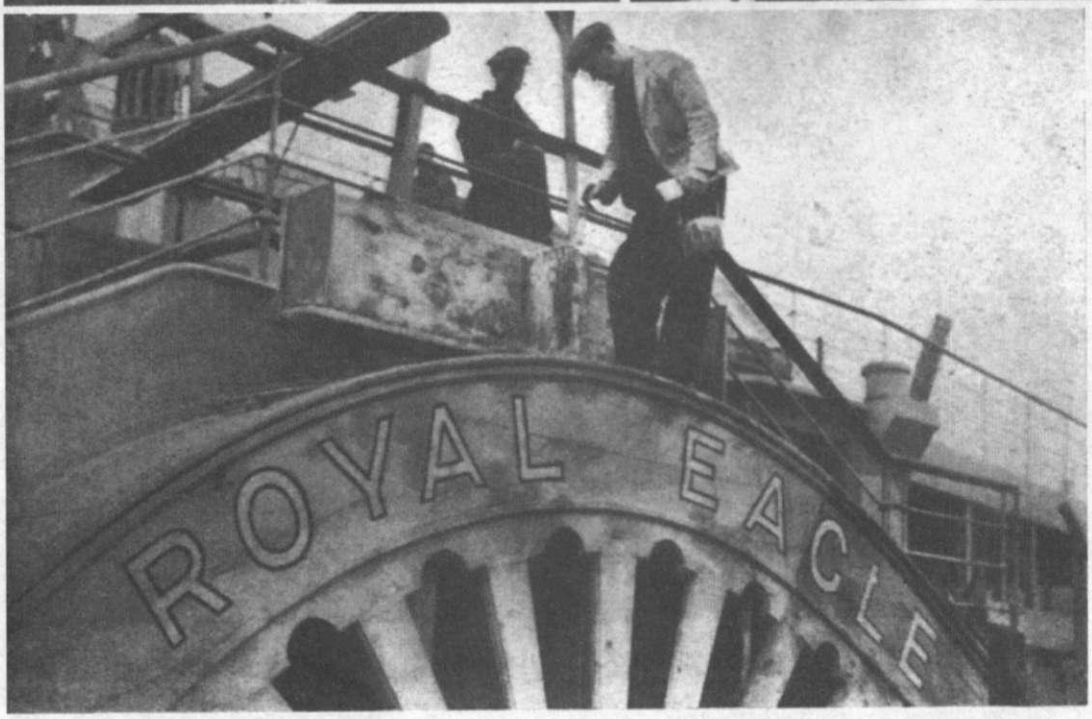
THE blatant subtlety (there's no other way of putting it) of American advertising never fails to intrigue me. A New York women's store recently warned would-be purchasers of their nylon stockings that they must be prepared to face a " battle royal " with other would-be purchasers. " We have nylons," ran the advertisement, " but, believe us, having nylons is almost worse than not having them." You will agree, I'm sure, that the operative word here is " almost."

THE Chinese outlook is, to say the least of it, always picturesque. It has been officially announced from Chungking, for instance, that the Chinese version of Mr. Attlee's name has been changed from " Aoteli "—which is virtually meaningless in Chinese—to " Aitehlih," which can be translated as " Fostering uprightness and courtesy." I have always had a deep respect for the Chinese, but I shall be doubly careful in future not to incur their displeasure. The retransliteration of someone else's name—in a derogatory direction—is surely the simplest (and most effective) weapon of insult known to Man.

In Britain Now: Long-Distance Coaches Again

WAR-YEARS SUSPENSION of long-distance motor-coach services came to an end when the London-Blackpool route was operated again, on February 16, 1946. Passengers are seen (right) at the Victoria Coach Station, London, about to take their seats for the first journey; the driver is adjusting the destination sign.

WIVES AND CHILDREN of U.S. soldiers aboard the Queen Mary at Southampton (below) settle into their quarters for the Atlantic crossing, to be reunited with husbands and fathers. The giant liner has been converted to a "nursery" ship, and the interior in many respects resembles a well-appointed floating clinic.

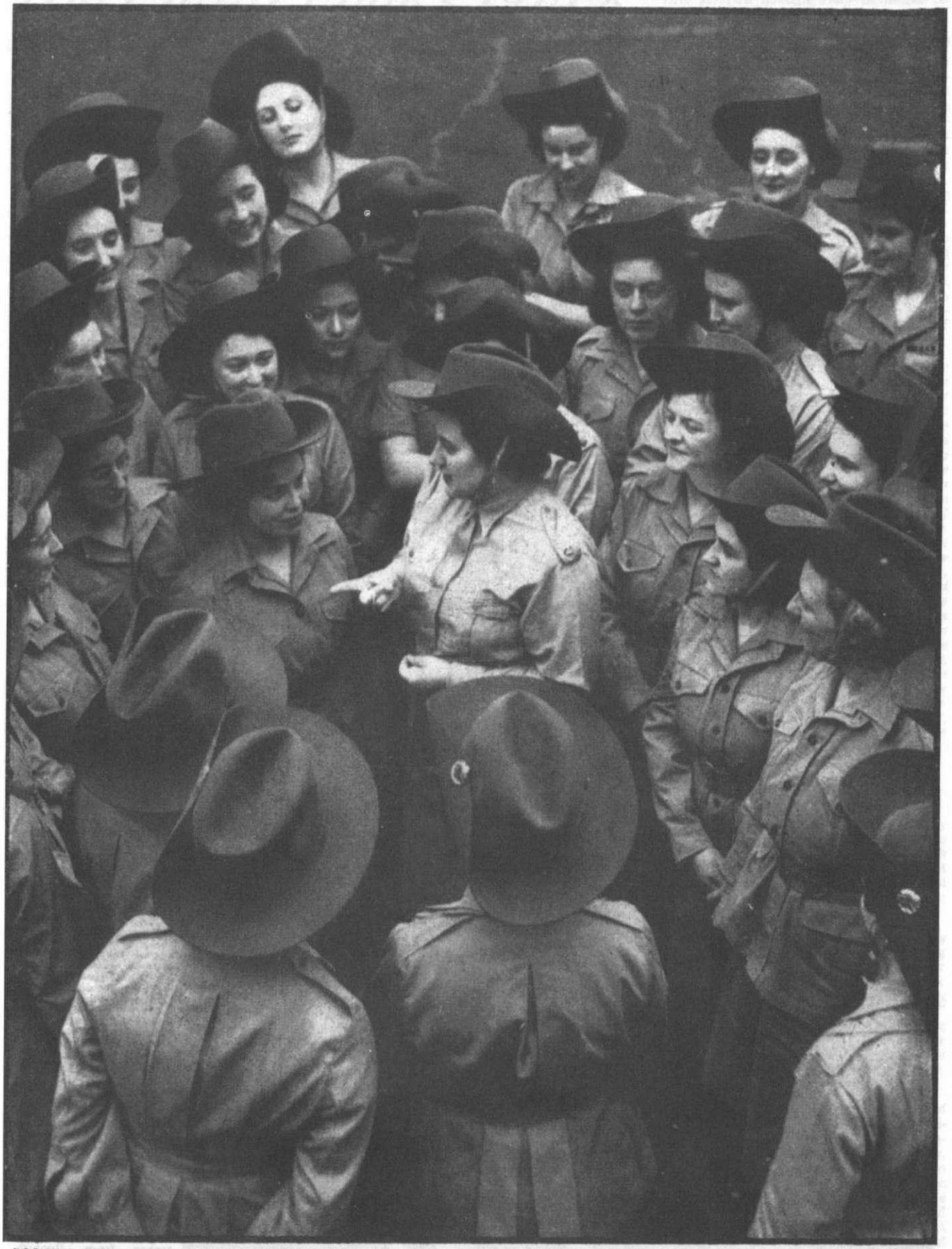


FIREARMS and ammunition of all descriptions from homes throughout Britain were handed in at police stations, following the appeal by the Home Secretary (in the House of Commons on Feb. 14, 1946) to all who possessed them. Proceedings would not be taken against anyone who gave up firearms or ammunition held without a licence by March 31. Above, a police sergeant accepting a rifle to add to his varied collection. By March 1, 4,000 firearms and 50,000 rounds of ammunition had been handed over in London alone.

PLEASURE TRIPS will be a feature of the coming holiday season when the steamers Royal Eagle and Golden Eagle commence sailings from the Tower Pier, London, to Ramsgate, Clacton and Margate. The Royal Eagle (left) is being redecorated, after having served as a flak ship during the war. Both Golden Eagle and Royal Eagle helped, in 1940, to evacuate troops from Dunkirk, where a sister ship, the Crested Eagle, was lost.

Photos, Planet, Associated Press, Topical, Keystone

'Canteen Commandos' to Sail for Singapore



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN N.A.A.F.I. HISTORY girl members of the Expeditionary Forces Institutes (E.F.I.) will shortly be working in the Forces canteens at Singapore. Several are seen—all obviously imbued with a happy spirit of Adventure—listening to a few words of advice, after being fitted out with tropical kit at a centre in London in readiness for the voyage. Some are wearing decorations earned on the various Fronts, where they were popularly known as "Canteen Commandos."

Photo, P.A.–Reuter

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